

Canada's

Weekly News Magazine

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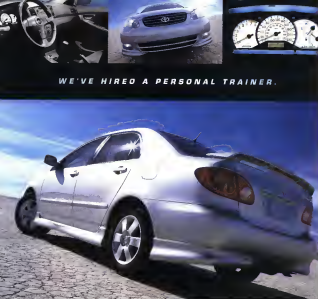
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LIVING THE FAITH

Most of the world's religions mark the season of spring, the season of renewed life and hope. It's an apt time for Montreal to pay tribute to those individuals committed to practicing their religion not just on religious holidays but in their daily lives.

FEATURES

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24 Lives on hold Sully Armstrong reports from Santiago, where the passage of time has done little to heal the wounds of war and ease bitter ethnic divisions.

30 In praise of testing Maintaining taught practice centers just in time for Alan Rock. Former senator Philippe Duceau Gagnier, however, warns about his own impending death from the disease.



COVER: PHOTO BY STEVE WATSON. BACK COVER: PHOTO BY STEVE WATSON. PHOTO BY STEVE WATSON. PHOTO BY STEVE WATSON. PHOTO BY STEVE WATSON.



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Crime of terror

The world should commend you for exposing the blatant mockery of justice in the death of Luc Bédier ("Murder mystery in Kuwait," Cover, March 18). I am surprised you call it a mystery with all the evidence you presented. If those defenceless Filipino migrants are convicted and punished, the world should be ashamed. The hands-off attitude of our ambassador, Richard Maro, is appalling.

Bert Cochran, Calgary



He had realized this, in federal politics, it's best not to have any news on just about any issue.

Drew Smith, Toronto

Any leader of the official Opposition must be seen by the people as having the qualities of a prime minister for Canada.

Time and again, Stockwell Day has shown clearly that he is not worldly enough to be the leader of our country. I wonder—who are those people who think he is?

Joyce Jazano, Nanaimo, B.C.

I've just read your article on my cousin Luc and I would like to thank you for it. You've depicted him as we all knew him growing up, a down-to-earth boy who in no circumstances seemed to die as he did.

Richard Elshin, La Selve, Ore.

Religious voting

Why must Stockwell Day's espousals of his religiously based convictions amount to "imbolding" anyone? ("Religion and the right," Canada, March 18)? Steven Harper must know, as your article states, that Canadian evangelists are by no means a united political force. He is accusing Day of pandering to a political constituency. Still, Day has emphasized the reprehensible sin of rating his views on social issues. If only

In the line of duty

I wish to congratulate Maclean's for raising public awareness about the multiple dangers that reporters face in keeping the public informed about events here and abroad ("Journalists on the battlefield," Front the Editor, March 18). While correspondents in other parts of the world often seem to be more exposed to life-threatening situations, we must not forget the assignments on the life of Michel Auger, the Montreal reporter who was shot while investigating organized crime in Canada. Reprotes Without Borders, an international organization that defends press freedom, reports that five journalists have been killed and 120 imprisoned since January, 2002.

David A. Wallace, Secretary General, Canadian Commission for UNICEF, Ottawa

Speaking up for peace

Yes, Foreign Minister Bill Graham is right to criticize Israel's use of aggressive force in response to terror attacks ("Graham weighs in," Canada and the World, March 18). People living in Western America, and I include Canada, should realize that we are all involved in the Israeli-Palestinian conflict and Sept. 11 tells us that we are not safe. If we don't speak up and seek peace, then we are as guilty as the active participants. And most innocent people will get killed.

John C. Tate, Cockburn, B.C.

Journalistic danger

I once photographed Myles Taniguchi, whose death in Sierra Leone is described in the excerpt from Ian Stewart's book *Witness: A Journey* ("Nightmare in West Africa," The National, Excerpt, March 18), in December, 1996, while travelling in East Africa. He had recently been assigned to the AP/TV bureau in Nairobi and had just returned from covering events in the former Zaire. Some of the horrors he described witnessing were unimaginable, even to himself. Myles apologized for his newly acquired smoking habit and was embarrassed that his nightmares might have been a disturbance. Ironically, Myles' last words to me were, "Be careful." He obviously saw a side of Africa I've never seen in my travels to different parts of the continent. The Myles I met was bright, articulate and sensitive to the world around him. Thanks to Ian Stewart for not letting this story go unrecorded.

Anne Beaton, Inman, N.S.

When Bill Graham or any other minister of our government speaks at a formal gathering, he speaks on behalf of the government of Canada, not as a private citizen. It is therefore inappropriate to ask us to answer online or online poll if "he" was right to criticize Israel for its aggressive response to terror attacks. If the minister for foreign affairs is making statements contrary to government policy, he must either resist the comments or resign. The Prime Minister's last speech to the same audience, neither reinforcing nor denouncing the original comments, did not clarify the situation. We are left to wonder what is the position of the Canadian government on this issue.

Ben Little, Edmonton, A.L.

Kyoto in perspective

Residing in Finland has given me a much more detached perspective on Canadian politics ("The cost of Kyoto," Business, March 18). Canadians need to start thinking outside the American-made box. We too often forget there is a wealth of governmental structures, cultures and values around the globe—the European Union, for instance—that can provide a

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The Mail

useful alternative view. The EU and its member states have already begun the Kyoto ratification process. And most European businesses are in favour of the Kyoto deal because, unlike in America, European companies have a strong sense of social responsibility. Furthermore, this is not a matter we should be leaving on economists and business analysts to decide. Their job is to predict the short term, and this is not a short-term problem.

Maurice Forget, *Montreal, Quebec*

We have been told that the Kyoto accord will cost billions and billions of dollars if implemented. Let's consider for a moment if it is not implemented. How much will it cost to move people from low-lying coastal areas? How much will it cost to reconstruct our agricultural industry when crops no longer grow because they are no longer suited to the environment? How much will it cost on health care as diseases now found in tropical areas march north and affect more Canadians? How much more will it cost to cities such as Calgary

become surrounded by desert? How much will it cost when we are afflicted by severe weather? How much more will it cost when you look into the eyes of your children and grandchildren and tell them that the Kyoto accord was going to cost too much?

Paul Laverdi, *Edmonton*

I applaud Environment Minister David Anderson for his vision and support of the Kyoto protocol. George W. Bush will be remembered as the American president who could have, but did not, make a difference in reversing the pendulum in the direction of reduced greenhouse gases while there was still time.

Cedric Maxwell, *Ottawa, Ont.*

Disposal at sea

As a chief officer aboard a liquefied petroleum gas carrier, I must comment on your article about ships pumping their bilges at sea ("When lay capains come to Canada," *Ottawa, Feb. 25*). Laziness is not the problem. It is often very difficult to find the facilities to pump these oily wastes

ashore, especially in the U.S. Some ships do not have a large capacity for storing oily wastes aboard. Many unscrupulous shipping companies pressure their ship's senior officers to dispose of the wastes at sea. It is cheaper to gamble on not getting caught than it is to pay for disposal ashore. The company I work for converted one of the diesel fuel tanks to an oily-waste storage tank to give us a greater capacity until we find the facilities to pump the wastes ashore. In Europe there are barges that will take oily wastes for a reasonable fee.

John Light, *Chicoutimi, Que.*

Heartless in Alberta

In "The heart of the game" (March 11), Allan Fotheringham claims that hockey is "every Prairie lad's...unrequited playing, left wing on the Toronto Maple Leafs." I think these lads are more likely to imagine themselves playing for the Oilers or the Flames—even the Canadians. Not too many Leaf fans out here. Indeed, Toronto is, at best, held in contempt. Your central Canadian bias is showing.

David Allen, *Saskatoon, Alta.*

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Overture

Edited by Sherida Daziel with Amy Cameron



John F. Kennedy International Airport, NYC

Faith and the frequent flyer

For two years, British photographer **James Oddy** has been seeking out places of worship in airports. He calls these chapels "non-spaces"—"They're basins, mausolea, found and pillaged." So why shoot them? Oddy says he is attracted to their "almost absurd lack of beauty." The reason is for the most part designed to be firmly non-religious. But even when an airport has different spaces for designated faiths, Oddy says, they still



London Gatwick Airport

end to look the same, grey with a cross, grey with a menorah, grey with a gema—space and evident subjects for a photographer.

He has, on occasion, run afoul of worshippers while shooting. At Gatwick, the 34-year-old Oddy recalls a "fine Islamic Catholic worshipper" shouting at him for taking a photograph. "For the next part, though, he says he rarely runs into visitors to the chapel's. Although airport chaplains say the places of worship are well used—by travellers as well as airport staff in search of moments of spiritual solitude



London Stansted Airport



London Heathrow Airport, UK



Newark International Airport, NJ



London Heathrow Airport



Henry Charles de Gaulle Airport, Paris

Photography by James Oddy, The Photographers' Gallery, London



It's all in the bag

It looks like a straitjacket, leashed Nook's ark with a long shoulder strap sewn onto its ends. It can still be found slung on the third step up to the second floor of my parents' house. Inside, it's crisscrossed with credit cards, hand letters, tissues, gum, makeup, half a dozen peas (some that actually work), a cell-phone run far from-decade past, and a cellular phone from the cutting edge of technology. It's always been an incarnation of motherhood in our family—*ditto* Pat Poole.

My mother is a small woman, but she is mercurial when it comes to the sanctity of the Puse. She has forced her own children to feign for her, as crowded on shopping carts with it, and feel it inside, mostly on our feet in the front seat of her car. She has even made us carry it in public. The loss-prevention workers that "guilt" shoppers as discount store beneficiaries with evergreen suspicion that casual when a manager walks discreetly through the automatic doors with a behavior-hunting half-dread under her jacket. I could almost hear the surveillance cameras moaning in to see that the bulging purse stayed shut. It was with us everywhere—the Puse.

It was one of those marketing iterations that I shied at as a young girl, like various reins and ruffled horsecoats. In my youngist days, as I peered at it over the tops of my sociology textbooks, the Big Purple looked exactly like a shackle of male oppression. It blighted on the stairs embodying the injustices of a society where women must be weighed down by huge, ugly ties in order to maintain social order. In those early days, I assured myself that it must be possible for me to someday have a family of my own and at the same time resist the powerful grasp of the Big Purple.

It was also in the midst of my liberal feminist education that I decided that male power in modern society has a major seat that has been overlooked in all the discussions over pay equity and patrilateral normlessness: the unfair allocation of pocket money between the sexes.

Even in an age that has seen practical fashion movements like "cargo" clothing, there are still times when women are expected to dress in clothes that are completely devoid of pockets. That is especially true when women need to dress in formal wear or maternity clothing. Women are consistently deprived of pockets in the clothes that are designed and manufactured for us.

Made someone afraid that a peasant woman with rock-

ers would be too socially powerful. After all, a fruitful womb is the ultimate object known to humankind.

Regardless, most women, pregnant or not, find themselves often relying on the clasp of the many-pocketed opposite sex to carry out car keys and bank cards. Men's clothing is slathered in pockets. While women tetter around dress-up affairs juggling ridiculous, shiny clutch purses and glorified wallets on straps, men rock what they need into the new pockets even into those of their suit-

Growing up is full of surprises. As my life unfolded, it turned out that things weren't quite as unfair as I had once thought. I didn't find that out all at once. It crept up on me little by little, as my own children. It seems that with each pass through, I find myself back in line at cheap department stores rifling through bargain bins, discount purses. Every time some one with a bigger purse than the one.

little as I started having my own children. It seems that with every new phase my kids pass through, I find myself back in the accessories sections of cheap department stores rifling through tables full of casebooks, discount purses. Every time I visit the sales racks I come away with a bigger purse than the one I brought in with me.

Now it sits in a corner of my bedroom—my very own Big Pate. It holds water bottles, baby wipes, diapers of two different sizes, Agavis, toddler-bathing sponges, half a dollar's worth of pens and pencils, a hairbrush, a hairbrush, a hairbrush, and even something my own mother was never quite enough to carry herself a coupon file.

I admit that I was wrong about the Big Pate. With my Big Pate at my side I'm almost completely self-sufficient. I can blow my nose whenever I want to because I always have a tissue. I'm the only one in my apartment who can go to the store and buy a box of tissues. I'm the only one in my apartment who can go to the store and buy a box of tissues. I'm the only one in my apartment who can go to the store and buy a box of tissues.

The Big Pussie is probably not a symptom of male oppression. Instead, it might just be part of the cure for it. In the lives of women like myself and my mother, the Big Pussie makes it possible for us to be independent, adaptable, in control and functional in a world that is more focused on meeting the needs of the many-pocketed. The Big Pussie doesn't embody the whimper of a defenseless sex but the war cry of a successful gender with a workable alternative to simply submitting to

I lag my Big Paws with pride. It doesn't weigh me down.
It helps to set me free.

Jennifer Quinn, her husband and three young sons live in Fort McHenry, Ala., where she serves a weekly newspaper column.



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brick	A-1	15	Betsy Anderson	D3	1
celo	F-5	2	Holly Wright	F2	2
Health	F3	3			
hoo.	f13	2			
my	F4	8			
2	H5	7			
sdren	A2	4			
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WNN	B1	8			
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The Week That Was



Carnage at the U.S. Embassy in Lima

A car bomb exploded outside the U.S. Embassy in Lima, killing seven people and injuring dozens. No Americans were hurt in the late evening blast, which ripped through a district of upscale shops and

restaurants, damaging nearby buildings and cars but not the fortress-like embassy itself, which is set back from the street. For many Peruvians, the explosion conjured up memories of the

Mideast bombings

19th suicide bombings targeting their deadly work. Israelis and Palestinian negotiators struggled to implement a U.S.-brokered ceasefire agreement. But talks were suspended after a Palestinian blew himself up as an Israeli military checkpoint in the West Bank resumed an Israeli effort. It was the first suicide bombing in three days. 10 Israelis died in the previous two years. It is far too soon to sign any agreement, said the militants, said the United States demanded that Palestinian leader

Yasser Arafat make a public statement in Arabic and Arabic condemning the bombings.

The chips fly

After talks broke down in the Canada-U.S. softwood lumber dispute, Washington leveled penalties of up to 29 per cent. But Perijovic said U.S. lumber interests remained unwilling to budge from a hard line requiring a high Canadian tax on lumber exports, which they must be priced to low market value. Although talks will later resume, Perijovic said Canada will challenge the U.S. position at the World Trade Organization and under NAFTA.

gunfire during the 1980s and '90s, when attacks from the Marxist Shining Path and the Tupac Katari Movement killed thousands. Last week's attack occurred just three days before U.S. President George W. Bush's scheduled March 23 visit, for

meetings with Peruvian President Alejandro Toledo and leaders from Colombia, Bolivia and Ecuador. Although no one claimed responsibility for the bombing, Peru's defense minister, Roberto Benavides, said he was certain it was directly related to Bush's trip.

Burying Alexis

Peter Crane was charged with first-degree murder in the death of his two-year-old daughter, Alexis. The toddler, whose body was found northeast of Toronto on March 14 three days after her mother, Melissa, reported her missing, was buried earlier this week. The private funeral featured a public prayer and anointed officers serving as pallbearers for the tiny white casket.

Biting the hand

Amel angling from Canada. Ontario Premier Mike Harris announced

\$50.2 million in enforcement funding for an anti-Toronto-based anti-organizations. Federal politicians, who had planned to make a joint announcement with the province once they had visited out, now details accused Harris of stealing his seat just before meeting over the terms of the province in his accession, who was to be chosen over the weekend. Meanwhile, the Royal Conservatory of Music (\$17.2 million) and the Canadian Opera Company (\$25 million) noted the money was less than needed.

Going, going, gone

Some 500 Indian tons of Antarctic ice—about half the size of Prince Edward Island—collided into the ice on the east coast of the Antarctic Peninsula was about 12,000 years old, but it took little more than a month for it to disintegrate into icebergs. Scientists believe a local warming trend—the region is heating up three times faster than the rest of the world.

Guilt in Moscow

In the end, we are believed Andrei Kopylov's story the former Russian diplomat, who on Jan. 27, 2001, killed an woman and badly injured another while his car swerved onto a sidewalk in a quiet Ottawa neighborhood, always denied he was drinking that day. Instead, he maintained that he killed an as his path before hitting a car. Kopylov, who died instantly and her friend Catherine D'Amico, who is still recovering from severe head and neck injuries. But Moscow judge Valera Shadrin rejected his defense and said he had clearly been "a heavily drunk condition" that day. She convicted Kopylov of involuntary manslaughter and sentenced him to four years in a penal colony. Friends and family of the two women who attended the week-long trial in Moscow said they felt justice had been served. According to Boris Yeltsin's press, he said his wife visited Kopylov as he sat in a cell.

Spectator death

Bettina Cecil, attending a Columbus Blue Jackets hockey game as an early 15th birthday present, walked away after an instant puck crossed into the stands and hit her in the forehead. But the impact had snapped her head back, damaging an artery two days later the West Alexandria, Ohio, eighth-grader died of blood clotting and swelling of the brain. Cecil was the first NHL spectator ever killed by a puck, and while many teams have increased warnings in response to the incident, the league itself has announced no new safety releases.

Guilt by verdict

A Los Angeles jury found a San Francisco lawyer guilty of second-degree murder, and his husband guilty of involuntary manslaughter, in the slaying death of their neighbor in January 2001. Marjorie Koster had testified that she and Robert Mac didn't know that their two Post-Canada dogs were in-



to become a better citizen. "While this verdict we can start the door as all this," he said.

Guilty at the Moscow trial. Indicted Kopylov was an intelligence at the crash site he could barely stand. But he denied that he was drinking, refused a lawsuit and involved diplomatic immunity—the trial time he had asked to be in the four years he worked at the embassy as first secretary to the ambassador. And as a speaker in Canada, Kopylov was recalled to Moscow and subsequently charged under a section of Russia's criminal code. Kopylov's lawyer said he will appeal the sentence, but not the conviction.

clous. But the prosecution said the couple knew the animals were "tame bitches." What, said the coroner, some years said, was the couple's address in trying to blame the victim. Koster claimed Diane Whipple—who weighed less than their dog—could have easily gotten away.

Co-pilot caused crash

Investigators with the Washington D.C.-based National Transportation Safety Board said co-pilot German Al-Babity was to blame for the crash of EgyptAir Flight 990 in October, 1999, that killed all 217 passengers and crew. According to the report, Al-Babity was alone in the cockpit when he deliberately sent the plane plummeting into the ocean off Massachusetts' Nantucket Island. Egypt's Civil Aviation Authority rejected the report and suggested the crash may have been caused by a tail problem.

The Pope speaks out

Pope John Paul broke his silence on anti-life issues playing the Russian Catholic Church, saying they were casting a "dark shadow of suspicion" over all priests. The Pope made his comments as scandal continues to shake the church in the U.S. In the Boston area, priest John Gaughan was recently sent to prison for up to 10 years for molesting a young boy. More than 130 others in the area have come forward with accounts of abuse. And in the Diocese of St. Louis, Bishop Anthony C. Comensal was forced to resign after admitting he molested a 15-year-old boy over 22 years ago.

to become a better citizen. "While this verdict we can start the door as all this," he said.

Carly declares victory

Had driving Hewlett-Packard Co. CEO Carly Fiorina a apparent to have been in high-stakes bid to take over mail Compaq Computer Corp. The merger was bitterly opposed by members of the Hewlett and Packard families. After shareholders voted, ended last week HP officials claimed their investors had approved the \$35.2 billion deal by a narrow margin of up to three per cent, against opponents said it could be as low as 0.6 per cent. The final count may take weeks.

Passages

Fired: From the moment Mike Lytle accused the Toronto Argonauts of "total incompetence," it was inevitable the 40-year-old would be fired as commissioner of the Canadian Football League. Lytle's criticism infuriated his bosses. Argonaut owner Stanwood Stewart and the league's other owners, while the league looks for a successor to Lytle, B.C. Lions owner David Whaley will serve as interim CFL head.



Died: In April, 1917 Robert Peterson was shot a teenager when he fought in the battle of Vimy Ridge. Born in Edmonton, the former press reporter became a Legion of Honour medal from France three years ago for his role in the battle. Peterson, 125, who took part in the First World War as a member of the 202nd Infantry Battalion, died in Cheltenham, B.C.

Died: Henry Gomez—actor, writer, and media adviser—was nicknamed "Mutt" in 1988 for helping then-Liberal leader John Turner appear at issue on TV from in Winchester, England, Canada, 75, was an established actor when he moved to Canada in 1956. He served as president of ACTRA and also taught broadcast journalism skills at the CBC. Gomez died at his home in Ottawa.

Diagnosed: Canadian actress Pamela Anderson being treated for hepatitis C, a serious liver-damaging virus. Anderson, 34, said she contracted the disease after sharing a tattoo needle with her 38-year-old ex-boyfriend Tommy Lee. The musician denied the accusation, suggesting that it may be part of an ongoing battle over their two sons.



More bloodshed in Mugabe's Zimbabwe

In 1980, Zimbabwe was born with optimism. Peace reigned in the country formerly known as Rhodesia, after decades of white colonial rule and a bitter war. Robert Mugabe, a committed Marxist guerrilla, rode a wave of popular support into office as the independent country's first president. But after 22 years in power, Mugabe retains a strong authoritarian streak and a deep distrust of opposition politicians. Last week, following elections on March 9-11 that Western observers say were fraudulent and marred by intimidation and violence, he moved to tighten his already firm grip on power by arresting opposition leader Morgan Tsvangirai and charging him with treason.

The decision to arrest Tsvangirai came as the West stepped up its criticism of Mugabe's continued

rule. Commonwealth leaders meeting in London moved to suspend Zimbabwe from the 54-country association for one year, while Switzerland froze bank accounts belonging to Mugabe and his closest advisers. There was also growing anger inside Zimbabwe, as protesters launched a strike against the government. Mugabe has dismissed critics from the West, claiming whites were trying to reassert their colonial authority over the country. But the decision to suspend Zimbabwe was particularly stinging because it was handed down by a Commonwealth summit made up of Australia and two African nations, Nigeria and South Africa.

Tsvangirai, the leader of the Movement for Democratic Change, was freed after he posted bail of



Honor guard for the re-elected president's swearing-in; a loyal pet roams a murdered farmer

about \$48,000. He stands accused of plotting to kill Mugabe—and there is a Canadian connection to the case. The allegations surfaced during the election campaign after Tsvangirai met with Sir Ben Mawema, an London-born lawyer who is now a funded immigrant in Montreal. Ben Mawema, a Mugabe lobbyist, released a grainy videotape that he claimed showed him and Tsvangirai discussing a plot to kill

Mugabe. But the visual and sound quality of the tape is so poor that the identity of the other man is open to question. And Tsvangirai claims he left the meeting after Ben Mawema brought up the idea of eliminating Mugabe.

Even as Mugabe moved against Tsvangirai, his controversial land redistribution program continued. The president has encouraged gangs of his supporters to occupy white-owned farms. In the two years leading up to the election, nine farmers died in the violence. In the wake of the vote, another was shot and killed, 25 others were assaulted and 50 evicted from their land. In apparent retaliation for supporting the opposition, Mugabe says taking the land is part of his plan to keep Africa for Africans, a slogan echoing back to his days as a guerrilla in the country's war for independence.

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BACK TO THE FUTURE

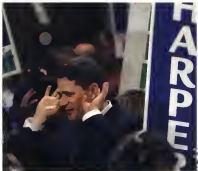
The new Alliance leader is an earnest policy wonk from Alberta. Sound familiar?

BY BRIAN BEKMAN in Calgary

*What a long strange trip it's been
—The Grateful Dead*

While there may not be many Dead-heads among the straitlaced, anti-and-fie of the Canadian Alliance, the psychedelic-era musicians provide what might be the perfect soundtrack for a party that has endured more than its share of bizarre twists and turns. Picture this: a geebly-looking policy wonk from Alberta becomes the unlikely founder and leader of a protest movement that takes the West by storm. In short order, he lays waste to Canada's oldest political party, becomes leader of Peter Mealy's Liberal Opposition and founds a new political entity aimed at making him into 24 Sussex Drive. But just when glory is so close he can taste it, the prime minister is ousted in favour of a flashy, fun-talking interloper given to holding press conferences in a veranda, all the better to show off his brain of steel. The glit one, though, takes himself into a heap of trouble, sparking a caucus revolt. In desperation, party faithful scan the horizon for a new saviour, eventually embracing... a geebly-looking policy wonk from Alberta.

There, in a nutshell, is the 15-year history of the Canadian Alliance/Reform party, culminating last week in Stephen Harper's five-bullet victory over decadent former Alliance leader Stockwell Day and two other rivals. I've covered the saga since 1986 when Preston Manning, an marriage management consultant and son of a former Alberta premier, first trod into the church and community halls of the Prayers with a blueprint for transforming Canada's political landscape. "The West Wants It," was his rallying cry, and a winning one to boot. To grow up in Alberta, as I did, is to be alarmed, to one degree or another, from the traditional centres of power in this country, namely Ottawa and Toronto. Manning, then bespectacled, dishevelled and with a vocal raspy akin to



A former adviser to Manning, Harper (above) is 42 and has time on his side

nuh across a blackboard, tapped into this sensibility brilliantly.

But heading a regional protest party was never Manning's idea of a good time and, as early as 1990, he began to push the Reform party onward. By that point, I had moved to enemy territory (i.e. Toronto) and often found myself trailing Manning about as he preached the gospel of fiscal conservatism at town halls in places like Brampton, Orangeville and Cambridge. Ordinary Ontarians almost always gave Manning a friendly reception. But in the political and media sphere, he more often found scorn. Reform was depicted as racist, anti-gay and homophobic. Sheila Copps, then an opposition Liberal MP, even accused of fleeing Manning to a former leader of the Ku Klux Klan.

It's true that Reform, especially in its early days, attracted a folk's gallery of loots and cranks. But Manning did his best to weed them out, and labelling him a bigot and extremist always struck me as a brain tap. In any event, Manning persevered, even prospered. In 1993, Reform swept the Conservative party off the electoral map in Western Canada; four years later, it came to sit hold over the region and Manning became Opposition leader.

Still, he was not satisfied. Manning wanted, badly, to be prime minister. His personal make-over included checking his eyeglasses following laser surgery and get-

ting a better cut of hair and clothes (he never could do anything about that voice, though). His political make-over was to be the Canadian Alliance, which he envisioned as a "big tent" party encompassing conservatives of every region and stripe, and anyone else who wanted to join in. It almost worked, too. But then the turn collapsed on him.

The apex of Manning's undoing was another unlikely political idea, Stockwell Day. In April, 1999, almost a year before he jumped into the original Alliance leadership race, I wrote a profile of Day for this magazine. By then, I had moved back to my home province (having lived with the misery and survived to tell of it) and was in a good position to eyeball Day, who was basking in reflected glory as treasurer of oil-rich Alberta—and as a renowned commander for the Alliance crowd. As the race, I detailed some of the baggage that later haunted Day in Ottawa, including his outspoken, and losing, battles against gay rights as a member of Ralph Klein's caucus. But I also played up his may wit, not for the photo-op and religious kudos. Like many others, I thought these might help him succeed where the nebbish Manning had failed. Like many others, I was dead wrong.

Day did, of course, but Manning in the July, 2000, leadership vote, and his subsequent signs of error as opposition leader needs no restitching. Some of the knicks

against Day seem belaboured—how often can he be ridiculed for not knowing, in which direction the Niagara River flows?—but there is little doubt he was his own worst enemy. His caucus ruptured, with 12 Alliance MPs believing, most to join forces with their long-time nemesis, Tory leader Joe Clark (four of the MPs later returned to the Alliance fold). It was this revolt which set in motion last week's leadership vote.

While Day was to succeed himself, the party knew better than to take him up on the offer. Harper was a logical, and comfortable, alternative. A former policy adviser in Manning, Harper went into Reform's early platform. He served as MP for Calgary West from 1993 until 1997, when he left Ottawa to become head of the National Citizens Coalition, a right-wing lobby group. Harper ran a cautious leadership campaign, promising to focus on mending his fractured party—and having no truck with the Tories at large at Clark (whom Harper considers a liberal) minimum leader.

The book on Harper, who holds a master's degree in economics, is that he is exceedingly bright, if a bit of a cold fish. Critics say he is also an ideologue who will turn the Alliance into an NDP of the right, a claim Harper flatly rejects. "I thank you can have a principled conservative party without being doctrinaire," Harper told me after the media throng had left Calgary's Delta Convention Centre, where the vote results were announced. "This party expects a leader who will try to widen its electoral base with the ultimate goal of forming a government." In that regard, Harper has time on his side. At age 42 (and looking even younger), he can afford to wait an election or two before making the main prize. In the interim, he is sure to look like a fresh face next to wash-out like Clark and Jean Chretien.

Still, there is politics' little enemies. As he lapsed from one television interview to another following his victory, there was no swagger, or even spring, to Harper's step. He had the hangdog look of an eternally mediocre man who, given his druthers, would be in some backroom crunching policies. He looked, in other words, like a man Manning in his prime.

A long, strange trip indeed.



Day ran to succeed himself, but the party knew better than to take him up on the offer

Read the interview with Stephen Harper
on page 28



Goodbye to a mentor

Dalton Camp was a friend to young journalists

BY AMY CAMERON

Dalton Camp's preferred seat at Dalhousie in Fredericton's Skene hotel was needed in the back, off to one side on a raised platform and hidden in the shadows. From this well-chosen perch, Camp could see everyone in the bar. Sipping wine (Anjou, Merlot, and, please), he watched from under heavy eyelids as political bickering and business honey-sweetened hoochies overtook and fuses. It was from this seat—as an old, cracked-leather chair with nice fat arms—that Camp would receive visitors and dispense advice. And it was in this seat, under a small brass plaque on the wall that read "Camp's Corner," that he suffered a stroke on Feb. 13.

Dalton Camp—Red Tory, columnist, the man who convinced Bobby Kennedy to speak at a University of New Brunswick convocation and then stole his handwritten notes to frame and hang in his Cambridge-Narrows, N.B. home—died on March 18. Tributes have described him as

a fountain of knowledge, an excellent writer and a part of Canadian history. Born in Woodstock, N.B., in 1920, raised primarily in the United States, he brought down Diebstahls—and changed party democracy by forcing leaders to be accountable to their rank-and-file. He abhorred the war in Afghanistan and loved the idiosyncrasies of his home province. But above all, he was a champion of those who chose journalism as a profession.

When I first met him, Camp seemed unapproachable. A graduate of three universities—New Brunswick, Columbia and the London School of Economics—he was a Player. He knew prime ministers and premiers, noted winning writers and the who's who of business. More intimidating, he knew their secrets. I was working at the *New Brunswick Telegraph-Journal* two years into the job and all I knew of how much I didn't know Camp, whose column appeared in the paper, lurked into our cramped Fredericton office one day looking for a free copy. Before I could

even utter a greeting, he swept me into a conversation and, within minutes, I learned to tell him everything. He had that effect. He read the papers voraciously and knew which stories were younger reporters' work order. He put us at ease and made us feel like part of an elite gang.

Junior living, whose family owns the newspapers in New Brunswick (and indeed most of the other important ones), because a project of sons for Camp. Where most were skeptical of living among the profession, Camp recognized a true interest. "I ran into a lot of opposition from journalists and family," says Irving. "I just got support from Camp, which meant a lot." Higher still the odds, Camp enjoyed living with tales from his youth and lodged him with story ideas. The last time they met, a week before Camp's death, they talked about Irving's new position as publisher of the *Kings County Record*, a small weekly in the area known as the Bible belt of the province. "He said, 'Go out and find how many dirty magazines were sold in Sussex last week, then find out how many Bibles that is on the front page,'" Irving recalls. "He laughed at left himself."

At Dalhousie, we would sit at his table—youth, eager, trying-hard-to-be-cynical reporters—boasting of scoops or telling wacky tales of heavy-handed editors. He listened, with endless patience, talked—and influenced. Shelley Myrland, a writer at Dalhousie, got to know him while working his drinks. Camp's passion, intelligence and irreverence spurred Myrland's decision to go into journalism. On her first night at Dalhousie before leaving for journalism school in Calgary, Camp handed her a \$150 tip and his e-mail address, extending an offer of help should she ever need it.

Many turned to him—then there were few in the province with his national memory of politics. Camp was regularly haunted by gossamer reporters. And regardless of the time, the writer or the story, he always called back before bedtime, giving good quotes and explaining everything without condescension. He will be remembered as many things—buckaroo strategist, power-broker, columnist. But as part of a lucky group of New Brunswick journalists, I will remember him as a supporter, a cheerleader and a comforting presence in the sometimes dusty business of news. We were in Camp's Corner—and he was in ours.

Appreciation

Canada

Rise up, rise up

Liberal backbenchers challenge party discipline

BY JOHN GEDDES

Members of Parliament don't always get much respect. Pierre Trudeau once dismissed the MPs of an earlier era as "trained donkeys." If that description still holds, there's some unusually loud baying on Parliament Hill these days. Whether it's in the confidential confines of caucus meetings, or during open debate in the House, Liberal backbenchers are issuing against the bonds of party discipline. The lazier, and most serious, sort of Jean Chrétien's ability to keep them all pulling in the same direction is resistance to Environment Minister David Anderson's proposed endangered species law. "There's level of animosity," says Liberal MP Karen Knief Sloan, a vocal critic of the act. "I've made my view clear. I will not support that bill."

For a government MP, that simple statement cannot be made lightly. Votes for the dissent in the Canadian parliamentary tradition are severely limited. These may be regarded as dissent in closed caucus sessions, a little freewheeling when MP's commission down the law to see them for review by cabinet ministers, but in the House everybody votes along party lines. Or at least they do most times. Now, some Liberals are speculating that when Bill C-5, the Species at Risk Act, comes up for a final vote, likely in early April, enough government MPs might break ranks to defeat a Knief Sloan-led rebellion. But she says, "The reality is that politics is a dynamic game."

More than usual, likely, at least in Liberal circles. Tills of backbenchers were begun when Liberal MPs decried a new caucus chairman in early February. They chose Sam Kujawa, the Hamilton, Ont., MP who had suggested publicly just a few weeks before the 2000 election that it was time for Chrétien to "pass the torch."

A choice so clearly embarrassing to the Prime Minister was widely read as an expression of deep discontent. As well, individual Liberal MPs have been unusually outspoken this year—from Carolyn Bennett chiding Chrétien for failing to promote more women in his latest cabinet shuffle, to John Godfrey's public insistence that Canada should not turn over prisoners captured in Afghanistan to the United States without guarantees that unconditional prisoner-of-war rights would be respected.

But these examples fall short of the more dramatic possibility of Liberal MPs actually voting down government legislation. Anderson made that possible by rejecting the amendments to Bill C-5 agreed only by MPs of all parties on the House environment committee. Knief Sloan, a key player in hammering out that consensus, points to two major points in dispute. The committee called for mandatory habitat protection for endangered species on federal land; Anderson wants protection to be discretionary. And the committee called for a species to be listed "at risk" on the basis of what scientists say, with cabinet given the power to veto a listing within six months. Anderson proposes a political process for putting a species on the list. In the context, rejecting amendments is an advisory vote.

Parliamentary means tend to bring out MP's independence streak. But this time, the Kraft sense to be part of a wider urge to claim more respect. It's not just a matter of principle. Many Liberal MPs think Chrétien has turned his last cabinet, so their big motivation for staying in his good books—hope of that big promotion—is gone. Now, the Prime Minister must find other ways to co-opt, or console, them outside—or get ready to play more of the sort of "dynamic game" that MPs like Knief Sloan are now playing.



Anderson under fire

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Risking life for freedom

Mona Parsons was a most unlikely Second World War hero in Holland

BY ANDREA HILL

Sitting atop a hill in a Wolfville, N.S., cemetery is a sto-600-high, white granite monument that marks the grave of a little-known Canadian war hero: Mona Louise Parsons, 1901-1976, is remembered on her tombstone as "wife of" her second husband, a Canadian major-general. Some of the Second World War awards and citations are listed on her headstone—even though he is buried with his first wife in Kentville, 15 km away. But of her citations for bravery from Allied Supreme Commander U.S. Gen. Dwight Eisenhower and Britain's Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder, the stone reveals nothing.

Born and raised in Nova Scotia, Parsons showed considerable talent as a dancer and actor from an early age and enjoyed a brief stint in New York City as a Ziegfeld Follies chorus girl in the late 1920s before becoming a nurse. In 1937, she met Dutch millionaire Willem Leendhardt whom she married six months later. The couple built a large home, called Ingleside, on common grounds near Amsterdam, from which they led a glittering pre-war social life.

When Holland fell to the Nazis in May, 1940, they joined the Resistance and used their business and social connections to provide false identity papers and ration cards, clothing, safe houses and escape routes for downed Allied airmen. Ingleside became a stopping point where airmen waited, usually a few hours and sometimes overnight, before connecting to the next leg of their escape.

Parsons and Leendhardt operated under the Nazi warlords' watch without raising suspicion for nearly a year and a half, helping more than 50 people escape to England. But by September, 1941, German crackdowns on the Resistance made it increasingly difficult to transfer airmen to rendezvous points with British submarines off the Dutch coast. The last people they tried to help were two British airmen, Richard Page and Willem (Joek)



Eisenhower praised her for 'gallant service in assisting the escape of Allied soldiers'

Moor, who waited at Ingleside for an unprecedented six days for a safe opportunity to leave. When at last it became possible to transfer them to London for a scheduled submarine rendezvous, their departure from Ingleside did not pass unnoticed.

In an official statement made after the war, Moor recalled that the vehicle in which he and Page were driving on the highway to Amsterdam overtook a German patrol car travelling at slow speed. The Germans "looked as over as we passed," and when they reached the Re-

sistance rendezvous in Amsterdam, they were directed to the next link in the escape chain. The plan was to keep the two men moving to prevent detection, but one link in the chain was a house controlled by Nazi agents posing as a Dutch couple. In the middle of the night, the Germans arrested the airmen and found Parsons' calling card in Page's pocket.

Parsons and Leendhardt did not know the files had been intercepted, but they soon learned that other members of their cell had been arrested. Willem failed to

persuade Mona to join him in hiding, and she remained at home prepared to tell any official German version that her husband was merely on a fishing trip. Not even a number of her call girls warned her that the Gestapo were on their way could persuade her to leave Ingleside.

The Gestapo arrested her three days after the firm were apprehended and sent her to prison, where the authorities no doubt expected the wealthy socialite would collapse easily and betray others, once subjected to interrogation, humiliation and sleep deprivation. They could not have been more wrong.

Held without charge, Parsons stood trial on Dec. 22, 1941, but critics against the Third Bench. She was found guilty before lunch and sentenced to death. "Her case was taken very seriously by the Germans," says Hans de Vries, archivist with the Netherlands Institute for War Documentation. "Hardly any women had been convicted before a military court, and certainly not before 1941."

Granting her sentence with extreme calm—the hear told a reporter, "I was determined not to humble myself before any of them"—Parsons so impressed the German military judge that he arranged for an appeal, and the sentence subsequently was commuted to life.

The Nazis sent Parsons to first one and then another German labour camp and, in January, 1945, to a prison in Weichsel from which she escaped with a friend after a massive Allied bombardment. To hide her heavily scarred German face, she used her acting talents to pose as a mentally damaged woman with a cleft palate. "We had to pretend she was a little girl, a little wild," recalls her fellow escapee, "Witloof" van Borchsum, now 79 and living near The Hague. "She was fantastic. Even I began to think she was not quite right in the head."

They worked their way 200 km across Germany, performing farm chores in exchange for food and shelter, and after four weeks Parsons reached Allied-liberated Holland. She went to a clearing station staffed by Canadians who, on the alert for an underground movement of women loyal to the Third Reich, searched the ill and emaciated Parsons with suspicion. Her claim that she was Canadian further fueled their doubts until one soldier asked when she was from. Her reply—"A little town in Nova Scotia called Wolfville"—silenced him. He was

Clarence Leonard of Halifax, and she had just encountered the North Nova Scotia Highlanders. If there was any doubt about her story, Capt. Kelly McLean, the doctor who treated her, and Capt. Vincent Whitt, Ralph Shaw and Battalion Elton and Maj-Gen. Harry Foster wiped them away. The first three had shared the stage with her at Acadia University, the fourth remembered her because his father had been her family physician, and Foster had been a childhood friend.

Soon after the war ended, Parsons happily learned that her husband was alive—U.S. troops had liberated the concentration camp where he'd been held. Learning of her heroic deeds in the Resistance, Gen. Eisenhower sent Parsons a letter of appreciation "for gallant service in assisting the escape of Allied soldiers." "I didn't contribute much help in allowing downed airmen to 'break apart by the enemy'."

But less pleasant events awaited Parsons. On Leendhardt's death in April, 1956, she learned he had left one-quarter of his assets

to his mistress, and a long-lost son from a previous marriage, whom Parsons thought dead, turned up to claim the remaining three-quarters. She lost the ensuing legal battles and, dispirited and in failing health, moved back to Nova Scotia the next year. In Halifax, Parsons became reacquainted with Harry Foster and the two married in June, 1959. Cancer claimed Foster in 1964 and Parsons suffered yet another setback. Veteran Allan dressed her a widow's penance because her marriage had occurred after Foster's retirement.

Parsons returned to Wolfville in 1969. Weakened by emphysema, a heart attack and several strokes, she refused to feel embittered by the wartime experiences that had contributed to her ill health. Confined to a Wolfville hospital in 1976 and drugged to ease her pain, Parsons would sometimes awaken in the middle of the night, believing herself to be in a Nazi prison. Finally, on Nov. 28 of this year, Mona Parsons, 75, succumbed—probably for the first time in her life.

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LIVES ON HOLD

The passage of time has not healed the wounds of war in Sarajevo

When the Yugoslav federation began to disintegrate in 1991, it set the stage for one of the most brutal conflicts of the last 20th century. The bloodiest was particularly horrific in Bosnia-Herzegovina, which voted for independence in March 1992. But the nearest state Muslims lived a violent challenge, primarily from ethnic Serbs backed by Serbia, the most powerful of the six former Yugoslav republics. Bosnian Serb artillery batteries shelled Sarajevo, the Bosnian capital, during a long and bloody siege. Muslims were crowded in concentration camps, women and girls were raped repeatedly by their captors.

NATO intervention finally brought the fighting to an end in 1996, and NATO deployed 60,000 soldiers in Bosnia to enforce the peace. But with factions whose goals still remain to unite old cities, the troops could remain in Bosnia for years in case Muslim's Coordinating Editor Sally Armstrong, who has reported from Sarajevo on several occasions, recently returned to the Bosnian capital. She found the population angry and demoralized, the ethnic divisions, according to her, were to be almost impossible to heal. Her report.

Looks can be deceiving in Sarajevo. There are splintered automobile dashboards, sleek disco bars and, no matter the time of day, crowds of young people roam the streets. It appears to be a far cry from the city that Serbian forces had siege to for 1,675 days during the Bosnian war, killing more than 12,000 people and wounding almost 56,000. The piles of rubble and twisted metal that once defined postwar Sarajevo are gone. In fact, there's now a traffic jam on the major thoroughfare once known as Sloga Alley—a deadly trap of pavement where thousands of victims were gunned down by machine-gun sharpshooters.

But glance skyward in Sarajevo and the signs of peace and prosperity vanish. Many of the hundreds of buildings destroyed during the Serb blockade from April 6, 1992, to Feb. 29, 1996, have only been repaired to ground level or, at best, up to the third or fourth floor. (At the height of the fighting on July 22, 1993, foreign observers counted 3,777 shells skimming into the city.) Now, the upper stories with their collapsed floors, missing walls and shattered windows are

ominous reminders of the siege—and the possibility that ethnic violence could break out again.

Although governed federally by a joint multi-ethnic and democratic administration, at the provincial level Bosnia remains divided along stark ethnic lines between Muslims-Croats and territory controlled by Serbs. Outbreaks of violence are common. Last May, celebrations marking the reconstruction of a mosque near the town of Mostar were stormed by Bosnian Serb provocateurs. A month later, Croat separatists rioted after a bank they were using to finance their operations was shut down by the UN. And on Feb. 9, in a letter to a Sarajevo newspaper, the clandestine Bosnian Serb terrorist organization, Gorilla Princip, threatened to murder a number of people it accused of cooperating with the country's new government. Jacques Kinn, UN Secretary-General Kofi Annan's special representative to Sarajevo, told the Security Council on March 6 that he believes dangerous ethnic divisions will continue until Radovan Karadzic, who led the Bosnian Serbs during the war, is captured.

Karadzic, who was indicted on charges of genocide in 1995 by the International Criminal Tribunal for the Former Yugoslavians, still enjoys wide support. Bosnian Serb television regularly refers to him as "our first president," and a newly launched Web site promoting "the truth about Karadzic" proclaims his innocence. A song often heard on Bosnian Serb radio urges Karadzic to "come down from the mountain" and save his people. NATO troops searching for Karadzic recently raided Celebici, a village 70 km east of Sarajevo. But soldiers refused to help find him. "I love him, and I wouldn't betray him," a elementary teacher Rada Puhlic said as she stood in a rooming schoolhouse.

Western governments had hoped a peaceful multicultural state would emerge from the debris of Sarajevo. Instead, crime, alcoholism and misdeeds are rampant in the once-proud city that hosted the 1984 Winter Olympics and had been a cultural, religious and commercial center for more than five centuries. Its population has fallen from almost 500,000 to little more than 300,000. And a good number of those remaining would leave if they could. "There are three kinds of people in Sarajevo today," says Jazet Covic, psychiatrist.



in-chief at the Clinical Center of Sarajevo. "Bad, sad or mad." The passage of time has failed to heal the wounds of war. "Everything is postponed in Sarajevo," says Covic. "We postpone having babies, we postpone education, we postpone marriages. We postpone having a life."

Yugoslavia began to disintegrate after the 1980 death of Marshal Josip Broz Tito, the communist dictator who had ruled the country since 1945. By 1992, three of the six republics had voted to leave the federation. Ethnically homogeneous Slovenia escaped severely lightly, but the question of ethnic minorities in Croatia and Bosnia set the stage for war. The bloodshed was horrific in Bosnia, where bitter divisions between the Muslims and, in particular, ethnic Serbians set the scene for an orgy of murder, rape and arson.

Workers at the Oslobođenje newspaper toil beside the rubble of their former headquarters (top); waiting for a bus beside a shattered building (opposite); enjoying a game of street chess.

Serbian-populated areas of the country fought to join neighboring Serbia, which supported their efforts militarily. (A senior minister retired with ethnic Serbs in Croatia—while in Bosnia, ethnic Croats and Muslims also fought each other.) When numerous international appeals failed to stop the fighting, the West was finally forced to take decisive action. In 1994, NATO began to intervene, and with jets pounding Serb positions, the aggressors finally came to the bargaining table.

Bosnia, Croatia and Serbia signed a peace agreement in Paris on Dec. 14, 1995, and a month later the siege of Sarajevo was over. But not before 12,000 people had been killed in the city, including 1,600 children—some of them by Serb snipers who they played in the trenches. In all, more than 200,000 people died in fighting across the three countries, while nearly two million were left homeless.

To enforce the peace, a NATO-led army of 60,000 troops was sent to Bosnia. Today, 17,000, including 1,600 Canadian

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Canada and the World

soldiers, remain. Retired Canadian Maj.-Gen. Lewis MacKinnon, who headed the UN's first peacekeeping mission in Bosnia, thinks violence will continue to flare. "Peace in Bosnia is an absence of killing," he says. "But the thought that the factions will live happily ever after—Tim sorry, that will not be the case."

Certainly there is little stability in the country. Bosnia's borders are porous, and the capital has become a haven for smuggling trafficking in drugs and illegal firearms. Criminal gangs in Istanbul and Kosovo are behind most of the smuggling and charge almost \$15,000 to ferry migrants from troubled countries like Iraq and Afghanistan into Europe. "I pick up 11 drive," I Smith," said one cabbie as he waited outside the Sarajevo airport to bring illegal migrants into the city. "They came here and tomorrow they are not in Bosnia. They disappear."

In an attempt to regain the spirit of solidarity the city showed during the siege, the government has kept some of the symbols of the war alive. On the broad avenues in the downtown core, it filled in the deep potholes left by artillery shells with red cement and called them the roses of Sarajevo. Trees were left to grow out of the shelled remains of the *Glasnost* daily newspaper office, an staff had defied the daily bombardment and printed the paper every six days, eventually publishing from the basement after the building was destroyed one floor at a time.

Despite such efforts, Suda Kovic, who chronicled the destruction of Sarajevo in a 1,113-page book, *The Siege of Sarajevo 1992-1996*, says there's a pit of despair hanging over the city. It has, she says, become an alien place, populated by broken people. It's a fair city, she says, from the remarkable courage residents showed during the siege. Now, citizens appear to have lost interest in the cultural treasures that once celebrated the city's ethnic diversity. Among them is the Sarajevo Hagibadi, a 16th-century metal oval, one of the most Jewish books in the world. The thin, white leather pages, decorated with gold and copper plates, are so exquisitely small they fit into the palm of a hand. The book is worth almost \$10 million and was successfully hidden from the Nazis during the Second World War and from the Serbs during the siege. Today, it sits disconsolate in a metal box in a bank safe.

The aftermath of war has strained relations within the Muslim population. During the war, hundreds of Arab citizens, many of them victims of the 1979-1989 war between the mujahideen and Soviet forces in Afghanistan, arrived to fight the Serbs. Many of these Muslims stayed and are now offering a fundamentalist alternative to the moderate style of Islam practiced widely in the country. "The faces of women are covered and boys and girls can go to the same school," says Senka Kurnovic, editor-in-chief of *Glasnost*. "They are trying to change Bosnian Muslims to their way of Islam."

All this has left people like Imita Ceric fearing for a younger generation growing up in an environment poisoned by crime and ethnic hatred. He talks about groups of young people, eating sex cream, watching the street. "It looks normal, but it isn't," Ceric notes. "They aren't in school. They aren't working. They have no hope for their future."

Many people believe the situation would improve if the economy started around. The unemployment rate, however, remains stuck at 40 per cent—with no upward in sight. In an attempt to boost the economy, Sarajevo has made an official bid to host the 2010 Olympics. Winter Games. The city has little chance of winning, but it is a proposal that both Serbians and Muslims can endorse. "I'm delighted by the idea," says Mirza Rukonjic, a 21-year-old Serb medical student. "It would be good for our country and our economy." Adds Tihomir Holobec, 22, a Muslim law student at the city's Dobrinja Club. "This is our chance to bring Sarajevo back to life."

But much needs to be done, says Klein, before Muslims and Serbs can ever agree on more contentious issues. "We need to be democratic. We need an independent judiciary and a transparent media," he says. "All that as a sign of 50 years of coexistence and a truce and war." A failure to start the country, he says, would be a disaster. "If a multi-ethnic concept fails here, the rest of the Balkans are doomed," Klein declares. "We will offend a ramp state which would explode and turn into everything negative you can imagine." But with ethnic hatred badly contained across the shattered country, Klein's nightmare could become all too real.

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Canada and the World



Using machine (right), the crew finds a spot for each plane.



'IT'S A NEW KIND OF WAR'

Pilots flying from the USS Theodore Roosevelt rely on sophisticated weapons

BY MATTHEW FISHER
in the Arabian Sea

How could the Taliban and al-Qaeda possibly defeat the USS Theodore Roosevelt when it's protected round the clock by two of the world's most potent jet fighters and chocolate bars? The dispatches are anyone's business: the enlarged radar gallery where cooks prepare more than 19,000 meals every day in a mobile library, the 5,300 sailors aboard can take out books, flip through magazines, transmit e-mails or play video games. Also close by are weapon racks for four chaplains, two lawyers, six doctors, a pharmacist and five dentists, including an oral surgeon. Four decks below, about 45 ammunition magazines are stacked high with hundreds of millions of dollars worth of ordnance—everything from nuclear weapons to laser-guided missiles and dumb bombs. Three decks above the gallery, scores of heavily armed F-14A Tomcats, F-18C Hornets and EA-6B Prowlers ascend into the sky.

Even now, nearly four months after Afghanistan's Taliban government surrendered its stronghold in Kandahar and those al-Qaeda who weren't killed or captured went to ground, more than 100 coalition warships are still bobbing in the northern Arabian Sea, just over the horizon from the Pakistan coast. Accompanying the Roosevelt is the USS John S. McCain, a stealthily equipped nuclear-powered aircraft carrier

with about 5,500 sailors aboard. As well, the most potent armadas ever assembled include British, Italian and French aircraft carriers, several amphibious assault ships and dozens of frigates and destroyers, four flying the Maple Leaf.

At any time of the day or night, U.S. navy warplanes continue to fly over Afghanistan, waiting orders to attack Taliban or al-Qaeda targets, or to protect ground forces and British-led UN peacekeepers. After months of bombing, it's sometimes simply enough, pilots say, to turn on their jets' afterburners to scare away enemy fighters. Everyone knows that, as in Kosovo in 1999 and Iraq in 1990-1991, the war in Afghanistan has been a game of attrition.

I was in Pakistan near the Afghan border when the U.S. began its bombing campaign. I met scores of angry Taliban and al-Qaeda fighters and their equally fanatical supporters. Time and again they'd look to the heavens and shake their fist in helpless rage. They demanded the Americans come down and fight them like men as British and Soviet armies had done in earlier Afghan wars. Eventually, U.S. soldiers did just that—so did those from their coalition partners, including Canada. In Operation Enduring Freedom, the biggest ground offensive of the war so far, nearly 500 Canadian soldiers helped across the mountains of eastern Afghanistan for attacking al-Qaeda fighters. As well as providing cru-

cil sniper and mortar support, the Canadians destroyed an extensive cave complex.

Nobody has yet compiled an accurate count of Afghan military or civilian casualties, but there must be thousands of dead by now. Still, all told, only 31 U.S. soldiers have died in the war on terror. Rear Admiral Mark Fitzgerald, a New Englander who commands the Theodore Roosevelt battle group, makes no apology for the losses. "It's not our job to make our guys die for our side. It's our job to make their guys die for their side."

Others aboard the Roosevelt, which sailed from Norfolk, Va., on Sept. 17, were more blunt. "I don't feel sorry for the Afghans at all," said a 28-year-old Texas-born pilot who just minutes before had returned from a six-hour mission over Afghanistan. "It's a new kind of war and they weren't ready for it." At the height of the war he was flying more than 100 hours a month. With almost no targets left in Afghanistan, members of his squadron now go "over the beach" only every three or four days. A large part of that success has been due to the more sophisticated and accurate weapons U.S. warplanes are using, Fitzgerald says. "We obviously want to do as much as we can," he notes. "This is all about money—and evil."

THE BUZZ ON E-BIZ

If your enterprise still isn't on-line, you've got problems, says a key task force

BY MARY JAMIGAN

A firm believer in customer service, Carson Strong doggedly delivered groceries by horse and buggy throughout Depression-era Vancouver. So Coe Bonina figures that her great-grandfather would be proud of her efforts to tap the Internet on behalf of her family's landmark grocery store. Almost four years after Strong's Market Ltd. first went on-line, its Web site offers 14,000 products to the 500 regular Internet customers who rely on its deliveries. And although Strong's e-commerce division is not yet a money-maker, it now accounts for almost three per cent of sales for the 71-year-old firm. To cut costs, president Bonina is simplifying the process: clerks wedding price-scanners will transfer the products directly from shelves into delivery boxes instead of putting them through check-out. And she predicts that e-grocers will triple and profits materialize before the end of the year. "It's a way of expanding our store without expanding the bricks and mortar," she says. "Time is a vital issue for people. Almost 95 per cent of our on-line customers are new ones. I can see this business exploding in the future."

To the Vancouverite like Bonina go the kudos. And the profits. All those grocery-faire don-ees may have drowned in puddles of red ink. But the Internet is now an integral part of the economy. Major firms such as automakers purchase their supplies on-line, truck drivers causing the commutes with predictable or just-in-time shipments communicate through on-board computers, and grocery stores can take orders for everything from dairy goods to celery on-line. Ok, as David Treast, chairman of the Canadian E-Business Opportunities Roundtable, says in a report to be delivered to Ottawa this week, "E-business means more than ever because the new economy has become the whole economy." Technology is still driving much of the wealth creation in Canada.

The report is the final output of a remarkable, voluntary task force of high-



Bonina sees prospects for profit in selling her groceries on the Web

level business executives and federal officials who want Canada to be an e-commerce star. And while the document lacks the specific recommendations of its two predecessors, it is a pertinent chronicle of how far Canada has come in the three years since the Roundtable's inception—and how far it has to go. In particular, the report singles out three areas for attention:

Governments on-line: Provincial and federal jurisdictions have been slow to exploit the Net to deliver services remotely. On-line specialists, for instance, could guide rural fertility doctors as they perform surgery. And both levels of government must figure out how to export health-care and education services—such as university

degrees obtained through on-line learning—in return for much-needed cash.

Help for start-ups: The good news is that venture capital spending dropped at a lesser rate in Canada than in the U.S. last year. But Canadian pension funds—which manage massive pools of money—have been reluctant to dabble in new enterprises, the report notes. Only 11 per cent of new Canadian venture capital came from pension funds in 2000—compared with 40 per cent in the U.S.

That money can be vital. Three years ago, Toronto's Paul Chen realized that companies could use e-mail to market themselves. He developed technology that allowed clients to go to his Web site and



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and our targeted promotions to their own customers. It worked. He sold 100 Nes-Work Inc. last year for US\$85 million. But he couldn't have got there without venture capital backing. "We had to grow as fast as possible because our competitor was growing very very fast," he says. "And we could not have done this without cash."

Ottawa has been listening. John Eckert, managing partner of Toronto-based McCain Watson Capital Inc., praises successive budget measures that have lowered corporate and capital gains taxes, allowed individuals to roll over capital gains into new firms and changed the treatment of stock options to ensure that taxes are only paid when the shares are sold. Such measures, which powered Roundtable reports urged, sound like technical fiddlers—but they could be critical over the next decade. "Canada will become a very popular place to invest," says Eckert. "To me, this is a big green light that has to be communicated."

Getting on the Net: Small and medium-sized firms are far slower to adopt e-commerce than their U.S. counterparts. In 2000, such firms in Canada made two per cent of their sales on-line—compared with 10 per cent for U.S. companies. "Somebody you compete with could do things they are going to expand their market through technology," warns Michael Murphy, senior vice-president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, which has been aggressively prodding small businesses into the on-line world. "They could easily take your market share."

The six-page Roundtable report comes on the heels of Ottawa's discussion paper last month on innovation, which aims to boost research spending, increase the skilled labour pool—and help universities and business forge partnerships to develop new technologies. That document was delayed by the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks—and then plundered for ideas in the December budget. Its debut fell flat. So the Roundtable report injects life into the quest to ensure that Canada can compete in a rougher and tougher world. Over the next six months, Industry Minister Allan Rock will chart campaigns at regional summits with key economic players, conferring with a national summit in early November. "Governments cannot do this alone," says Rock. "We want to know if our targets are aggressive enough. And frankly we want to know whether busi-

ness, labour and academia are prepared to make the necessary contributions."

The Roundtable's report is a final contribution from a group that laid out much of Ottawa's e-commerce strategy. Pezart launched the idea when he realized that Canada had the ingredients, such as telecommunications and software expertise, to be an e-commerce star—but lacked plans for everything from tax changes to strategic investments. He approached then industry minister John Manley, who jumped on the idea. "This issue is close to my heart," Manley, now deputy prime minister, told Mackinnon. "The Roundtable created momentum, making e-business an important issue for government. You do not have many memoranda-to-cabinet that

are signed by a dozen ministers. But we were able to produce that common view."

The Roundtable will leave a legacy: The chambers of commerce will issue reports on how well smaller firms are adopting e-business. The Canadian Venture Capital Association will firm up its policies that discourage investment. Roundtable member Peter Nicholson, chief strategy officer at BCE Inc., says the group caught a wave when it tackled the glamorous, high-profile issue of e-commerce. "The policy landscape had not solidified: we had the encouragement of politicians," he recalls. "This group made a hell of a lot of progress—and e-business is not the only beneficiary." The future may belong to Rock's initiative—but the Roundtable paved the way. ■

'IT JUST KILLS ME'

David Pezart, 46, is a long-time e-commerce booster who now runs the tech firm Momentum Group. He talks to Mackinnon's in Toronto about his work as chairman of the Canadian E-Business Opportunities Roundtable.

Mackinnon's: Why create the Roundtable?

Pezart: I was leading the Boston Consulting Group's e-business globally and I could see other countries like Finland that had embraced the Internet so dramatically that they were parading across their weight in terms of international exports. But we were not grasping the opportunity. **Mackinnon's:** What should governments do next?

Pezart: The big challenge is applying this technology to its own areas: health care, education, government services. It could deliver drivers' licenses at a much lower cost electronically. It could tap to the winner that does with kids in northern Ontario that she could study at the University of Toronto through the Internet. And we have completely lost sight of the fact that health and education are becoming global export businesses. Universities could use the Internet quite effectively. We could export health care services. But no one is even talking about this. The health-care debate is still mired at the level of are we going to have a universal system? It just kills me. If we turned them into export sectors, we would have resources to solve some of the problems.

Mackinnon's: What is the small business concern?

Pezart: The e-commerce site has enabled the creation of thousands of small companies in the U.S. That kind of explosion has not happened to the same degree in Canada. We discovered that small



businesses were very concerned about security. That is old thinking: you can get very secure systems today. Second, there was this notion that it was an incredibly complex thing, almost impenetrable. So we put together a first test kit that they could download. A third barrier was, "my customers are not demanding it." But when you customers tell you that you should have done it, they are gone.

Mackinnon's: How would you improve Canada's sources of venture capital?

Pezart: Most pension funds are not in the game here. That is a scandal. Pension funds are saying to the government, make the foreign ownership limit let us invest more efficiently. My response is if you want to get more money offshore, then start pulling more money into young entrepreneurs.

Mackinnon's: What is the Roundtable's legacy?

Pezart: At the top of the list of impediments to Canada's success was a tax code that actually inhibited venture capital and a business start-up. One of our president's endorsements is that the tax changes we recommended led the government has implemented have done more than level the playing field. They have tipped it to our advantage. We have a lower capital gains rate than the U.S. Corporate taxes are coming down. That is incredible. Canada could be Silicon Valley South.

Photo: iStockphoto.com

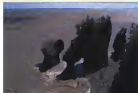
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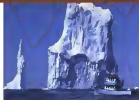
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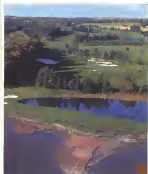
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Donald Cox

Playing chicken on steel

Strategist learn on the go. Participating at the National Chicken Council's local meeting in Florida has given me a somewhat different perspective on two major issues in U.S. poultry policy.

The NCC is the Washington-based organization representing the big poultry producers. The 40 or so people I spoke with were mostly southerners who came by private jet. If you are based in towns like Laund, Miss., or Gainesville, Ga., you never have access to convenient, reliable airline service. (If you live in cities such as Chicago, you occasionally have access to convenient, reliable airline service.)

The friendly folk who run giant companies such as Tyson Foods Inc. and Perdue Farms Inc. may speak with drowsy, and may enthusiastically swap stories about hunting and fishing, but they are savvy, successful, sophisticated business people in an intensely competitive industry who understand how Washington and the world work.

They were upset about the Bush administration's "emergency" tariffs on steel. That wasn't primarily because they're mentally offended when a local-making trade tariff causes protectionism. They figured Russia would retaliate by embargoing U.S. chicken imports—and they're right.

At risk is the eight per cent of their output sold to Russia. Russians buy the dark meat, which Americans eschew (if that's not just). Americans love breasts, whereas Russians go for thighs. Poultry breasts are bigger money-spenders than dark thighs. The economics of heavier chicken production are such that the Russian consumption of cheap dark meat provides the profit margin for the industry. If the ban sticks, few of the chicken giants will make money at current levels of operations. That means shutting production, which means curbing consumption of corn and soybean meal, and thus means lower incomes for all producers of those two major U.S. cash crops. This trade dispute isn't chicken feed.

The industry's lobbyists have swung into operation. The Russians aren't as they deny they're choking chicken imports because of the damage to their steel industry. Maybe so. But the people I talked with are cynical about Russia's sudden discovery of the alleged unhealthfulness of American antibiotic-punctured poultry overlooking with George W. Bush's sudden discovery of the therapeutic value of protectionism for the unhealthy American steel industry.

This New-Age health hysteria comes from the country whose poultry industry has benefited hugely from the enormous technical and managerial help since the end of

the Cold War by a task force of experts from... the NCC.

As if that Russian challenge wasn't enough for board members, they heard a sobering speech from Jim Mosley, the deputy secretary of the U.S. Department of Agriculture, about the perils of bio-terrorism for their industry in particular, and agriculture in general.

Mosley is a big Indiana corn producer as well as the No. 2 man in the USDA. He told us that since 9/11, his responsibilities have been transformed. He meets with the CIA and FBI weekly, "something different than you'd expect on the agenda for someone in my position." He introduced his assistant, who, he said, "devotes 100 per cent of her time to national security affecting agriculture, while I devote about 80 per cent of my time to it."

Nobody seems sure that the companies' insurance coverage would protect them against all acts of terror. For example, if an al-Qaeda agent were to subvert one of the thousands of workers in the companies' plants, getting him to insert anthrax or some other toxin into the meat, the entire industry could be decimated. Recall what happened to cranberries when a 1999 government report said they were "contaminated" with a herbicide that caused cancer in laboratory rats. Consumers stopped buying, and Ocean Spray, the big co-operative,

was swamped with returns from across the country amid collapsing prices. Then it turned out the rat shown for the test would be the equivalent of a human eating 6,800 kg of cranberries every day. Cranberries were exonerated, and cranberries returned in droves. Ocean Spray made a fortune because it owned virtually all the cranberries; the windfall turned the company into a food industry giant. That's not the likely script if thousands of people get sick on poisoned chicken.

Mosley discussed other possible bio-terror threats to U.S. agriculture. His experts have drawn up priority lists for spending. Homeland Security budget allocations for agriculture. The billions allocated have already been spent on paper, he told us, "money comes over." How can you protect every farm and processing plant from terrorism?

I left musing about the ways bad domestic politics and bad geopolitics could reflect serious damage on the world's most vibrant economy. As an optimist, I want to distance these uncomfortable thoughts. As a realist, I know we're going to have to live with them.

Donald Cox is chairman of Harris Investment Management in Chicago and Toronto-based joint financial investments.



Foley, McDonald, McKinney, McCulloch and Thompson (clockwise from left) are still kids after all these years

All dressed up and somewhere to go

Kevin McDonald is not ashamed of his years playing a woman on *The Kids in the Hall* comedy series. "I'm a feminine kind of guy," laughs the 40-year-old, known for characters like the Bearded Lady. "I think highly feminine is better than masculine anyway. That's why all my agents are women. And all my girlfriends are women, too."

McDonald and the rest of the *Kids*—Dore Foley, Bruce McCulloch, Mark

McKinney and Scott Thompson—will find themselves in drag once again when they embark on a 30-city North American tour this week. In a span of two hours, they will perform up to 24 sketches mostly based on material from their wildly popular TV series, which aired from 1989 to 1994.

Since the troupe disbanded, McDonald—*who was kicked out of his college's theatre program for his*

one-track comedy focus—has written for *The Martin Short Show* and made guest appearances on sitcoms, including *Friends* and *That '70s Show*. But he is really looking forward to the tour. "The great thing about being onstage is that even when you make a mistake, the audience may still love it and you can play off that," says McDonald, who now lives in Los Angeles. "After a play you live for the reviews to see how well you did, but when you do comedy onstage you know right away. There's either laughter—or there isn't."

John Jasthi



A barefooted anti-diva for the opera stage

She has a stunning voice and larger-than-life bearing. But Marlene Bruggemann is nobody's diva. Kicking off her current Atlantic Canada tour in Halifax, she Frederick, N.S., performs listed and joked with the packed house—and asked the audience for help when she forgot the words to an old jazz standard. The 24-year-old, dressed out in a glamorous black dress with a fasciata shawl, even felt comfortable enough to go around barefoot. "I take what I do seriously," she says. "I don't like my feet seriously."

But the classical music world was sure. Even though she's still studying concert repertoire in Augsburg, Germany, Bruggemann has already performed at Carnegie Hall and for the British royal family in Toronto. Last week, she

accepted an invitation to perform for Queen Elizabeth II at Roy Thomson Hall on Oct. 30 and next month, she will audition for conductor Kurt Masur and the New York Philharmonic. It's all pretty heady stuff for a singer who grew up listening to CBC Radio's Saturday Afternoon at the Opera in a devout Christian home that shunned popular music.

And Bruggemann, who messages her own sister along with the help of her husband Markes, and her family, thinks she's still a long way from reaching her full potential. "Right now my voice sits well in the classical German repertoire," she says. "With time I think it will grow to include the great Verdi roles, and after that, Wagner." Operatic roles she remains, but Bruggemann's goals could be far from diva-like.

EVERY DAY DRINKING AND DRIVING KILLS 4 CANADIANS...



Emily's mother was one of them.



A Message from Louise Knox

National President, MADD Canada

That night in October, Mike was the designated driver for his friends. He was going to have a big day the next day so he headed home early. An impaired driver with a blood-alcohol concentration (BAC) 3% over the legal limit crashed over into Mike's lane, hit him almost head on, and killed him instantly. The impaired driver was killed too, leaving behind three small children.

Mike was 35 years old when he was killed. He left behind a nine-year-old brother, a seven-year-old sister, his father and me. Mike was my son.

A police officer called and told us he would be right over. It took him 22 steps to get from his car to our front door. I knew I counted every one of them. He told us in an anguished voice that he was sorry, Mike was dead.

At first, reality doesn't set in, you go numb and refuse to believe it. Then, even as the devastation overwhelms you, you start running through things in your mind. Who do you need to call first? How do you tell Mike's aunts and uncles, grandparents and friends that this wonderful young man is dead? Whose job, how do you tell his little brother and sister?

The questions, the anguish and the despair become so great that there was more than one time when all I wanted to do was to crawl in the grave with my child.

Then, when things were at their absolute worst, it was unbearably dark here. MADD Canada stepped into our lives.

The help we received from MADD Canada meant more than anyone could imagine. Knowing that people cared about us in our time of tragedy was a great comfort.

And I know that I wanted to help provide that same comfort to others. One more important, I wanted to do everything in my power to help keep other families from needing that comfort, to help stop Canada's impaired driving nightmare.

I became involved in MADD Canada starting a chapter in my area because the closest one was some 500 km away. Today, in what seems like an almost overnight event, I find myself national president of MADD Canada.

I work with MADD Canada because I do not want your family to have to endure the needless tragedy that my family has suffered. The federal government can and must do much more to minimize impaired driving. Life will be given by

focusing on penalties or targeting only a small fraction of those who drink to excess and drive. We need a broad approach that will reduce the number of drinking drivers on our roads, and give the police the powers that we need to enforce the law.

For the last 18 months, MADD Canada has researched traffic safety research from Canada and abroad, and examined the impaired driving laws in other countries. Based on the scientific research and what has proven effective in other countries, MADD Canada has developed a comprehensive package of federal reforms, which I summarized in a report entitled *Take Back Our Roads*. In November, we presented the report to the then minister of justice, the Hon. Anne McLellan, and other leading federal politicians from all parties.

As much as any organization MADD Canada welcomes the progress that has been made in reducing alcohol-related traffic deaths from the record levels of the 1970s. However, millions of Canadians continue to drink and drive at levels of impairment that pose unacceptable risks. Although estimates vary, even the most conservative sources indicate that impaired driving remains, by far, the country's single largest overall cause of death. Finally, the academic quibbling over whether alcohol-related fatalities cause 3 1/2 or 4 1/2 lives a day completely misses the point. I think of the issue in terms of my son and your family, not in terms of statistics.

I am impatient with those who suggest that Canadians should be content with the progress made to date. Canada always lagged far behind most comparable countries in terms of alcohol-related traffic deaths, even though many of these countries have far higher per capita rates of alcohol consumption. These nations have succeeded to a far greater extent in reducing their populations to refrain from drinking and driving. Their laws are deterring impaired driving and protecting the public. In contrast, our federal law is deterring the



police and prosecutors, and results in lingering impaired drivers from criminal sanctions.

I am frustrated with those who champion the status quo because things are not as terrible as they used to be. But Mike, the status quo did not protect my son or the tens of thousands of other Canadians who are killed or injured every year in alcohol-related traffic crashes. Surely, the Canadian public deserves better than a do nothing approach when there are opportunities to reduce these senseless tragedies.

As the national president of MADD Canada and as a concerned parent, I am asking you to carefully consider our proposals. You are invited to visit our Web site (www.madd.ca) to review for yourself the research upon which our proposals are based. We would invite you to join with MADD Canada or work independently to encourage the federal government to introduce the necessary legal changes. This initiative is not about blame, but opportunity. Our focus is not on the past, but on a safer future for all Canadians. Your voice and your support of this initiative are critical.

Thank you.

Louise Knox



Professor Robert Solomon, Director of Legal Policy, MADD Canada
Faculty of Law, University of Western Ontario

Are MADD Canada's proposals based on emotion?

No. While MADD Canada is deeply committed to the important traffic safety issue, and, rightly so, every single proposal is based on comprehensive research. Much of this research is complex with detailed references, is already posted on our Web site. MADD Canada has no interest in promoting any initiative unless it can be demonstrably justified in terms of traffic safety or police or victim.

Would the 0.05% BAC proposal criminalize conduct that poses only trivial risks?

No. Studies conducted over the last 40 years have consistently established that drivers with BAC levels at the 0.05% to 0.07% range are at a substantially greater risk of injury, injury and death than drivers with zero BACs. Any driver that below 0.05%, their risk is near-zero. It is not even possible to lay a criminal charge under the existing Canadian law.

It is true that, in terms of any one top-of-the-headline of being a risk only a very small one for drivers with BACs in the 0.05% to 0.07% range. However, given that millions of Canadians continue to drink and drive, every year a massive loss of life is commonly lost and imposed on others. Like the proposals of seatbelts, safety belts, helmets and alcohol screening we believe the most that the risk per se is small, but not justifying a 0.05% criminal limit, is demonstrably justified in terms of the risk of an accident.

The Relative Risk of a Fatal Single-Vehicle Crash for Males at Various BACs

Age	0.05% to 0.07%	0.08% to 0.09%
16-20	12.32	51.87
21-34	6.33	13.43
35+	5.76	11.38

Source: PL, *Letter SA, Wasthul & EE, Wasthul, National Alcoholism Problem that of Driver Alcoholism and Driver Involvement in Fatal Crashes: A Review of the Literature and a Review of the Literature* (2000) 11 J. Stud. Alcohol 567 at 580. Although the chart is based on American data, it is consistent with the more limited Canadian data on the issue.

Will a 0.05% BAC limit overburden police and court resources, and generate unacceptable costs?

No. While more cases would theoretically be able to prosecution, it does not follow that the criminal justice system would be overloaded. First, a lower BAC limit would have a major general deterrent effect, reducing the numbers who drink excessively and drive. Second, given current police and court practice, suspects are unlikely to be charged unless their BAC is 0.08% or higher. Third, other jurisdictions that have lowered their BAC limits have reported no such problems, including the American states that have recently lowered their criminal BAC limits from 0.08% to 0.05%, and the Australian states that have had a 0.05% BAC limit for as long as 20 years. Fourth, even if demands on the criminal justice system and related costs should increase, these would be more than offset by the accompanying traffic safety benefits. For example, a study from the Stanford Institute for Economic Policy Research estimated that reducing the criminal BAC limit to 0.05% in the New York State would increase police and court costs by \$1 million a year, but would also save between \$500 million and \$1 billion in private medical, property damage, employment and other costs.

The issue of increased charges and court filings is the outdated view that impaired driving is not a "real" criminal offence. No one would seriously suggest that we ignore common and actual results because they overburden our police and courts. Similarly these facts do not publicly ignoring drinking and driving behaviour that poses real and serious risks.

Why do we need a Federal Criminal Code 0.05% BAC offence when the provinces and territories have already created provincial 0.05% offences?

In fact, none of the provinces or territories has made it effective to drive with a 0.05% BAC. Rather, with the exception of Quebec, all the provinces and territories have some form of (often 10 to 24 hours) license suspension for such conduct. Moreover, in many jurisdictions, no formal record is kept of these suspensions and the drivers are not subjected to any long-term licensing consequences.

A General Code 0.05% BAC offence would not conflict with the existing provincial or territorial laws. It would create a criminal offence applicable across Canada and would have a considerably greater deterrent effect than the existing short-term administrative license suspensions. A 0.05% Criminal Code offence would complement the existing provincial or territorial laws.

As indicated earlier, the existing federal and provincial impaired driving laws have left Canada far behind the world leaders in traffic safety. While the 10 to 24 hour license suspensions are an important measure, much more needs to be done at the federal level.

Would a 0.05% BAC limit undermine social drinking?

No. Contrary to what critics contend, a 0.05% BAC law would not trigger a flood of criminal charges against people who drink after having two glasses of wine, with dinner or two beers with friends after work. Given current police and court practice charges are unlikely to be laid unless a suspect's BAC is 0.08% or higher. This means that a 200 lb man could drink four regular bottles of beer (one alcohol by volume) in two hours without exceeding the BAC limit at which he would likely face criminal charges. Even a 130 lb woman could have two or three glasses of wine (24% alcohol by volume) in one hour and be below the likely threshold for being charged under a 0.05% law. Obviously, MADD Canada is not endorsing drinking and driving, or suggesting that such excessive consumption before driving is socially acceptable.

MADD CANADA'S CORPORATE SPONSORS



Source: Canada Auto Dealers Federation

Taking Back Our Roads

MADD Canada's Taking Back Our Roads strategy is comprised of 16 recommendations, which are divided into five components. They include:

- lowering the Criminal Code's current 0.080% BAC limit to 0.050%;
- enforcing enforcement powers;
- enforcing and enforcing the impaired-driving offence;
- introducing sentencing and
- addressing administrative issues.

While all five components are important, we have emphasized lowering the BAC limit and enforcing enforcement powers because, taken together, they hold the greatest potential for significantly reducing impaired driving and its tragic consequences.



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IF YOU'RE GOING TO DRINK, DON'T DRIVE.

Provenly responsible driving.

Research from Canada and abroad indicates that lowering the criminal BAC limit will reduce our impaired driving problems. The research is consistent and strong. Every country that has lowered its BAC limit has experienced traffic safety benefits. Not surprisingly, virtually every leading medical, accident-prevention and traffic-safety organization in the world supports a 0.050% or lower BAC limit. The clear trend in the international community is to lower BAC limits. Among others, Austria, Austria, Belgium, Belgium, Canada, the Czech Republic, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Hungary, Japan, Macedonia, Malaysia, the Netherlands, Norway, Portugal, Romania, Russia, Slovenia, Sweden and Turkey already have a BAC limit of 0.050% or lower.

The research indicates that 0.050% BAC limits will drive down at 18 BAC levels, including the high BAC drinking drivers. Indeed, in Sweden and the Australian Capital Territory, those in the highest BAC levels had among the greatest decreases in impaired driving. Granted, there are differences in the road traffic safety benefits achieved in various countries, but these reports reflect the other impaired-driving initiatives that were in place at those jurisdictions.

The Canadian public needs to understand what the current 0.080% BAC limit means in terms of real-world driving patterns. Given the margin of error accepted by our courts, police will generally not consider filing criminal charges unless the driver's BAC is 0.080% or higher. Thus, an average 200-lb man can drink six regular bottles of Canadian beer in two hours and get behind the wheel of his car reasonably confident that he will not even be charged. As disconcerting as it is, we need Canadians to think



about our example the next time they or their family members have to drive late on a Friday or Saturday night. We believe that, as these hard facts become more widely understood, public support and demand for a 0.050% BAC limit will increase.

The deterrent impact of lowering the BAC limit will be greatly increased if the rates of impaired-driving detection, charge and conviction are improved. The current law has made enforcement exceedingly technical, time-consuming and unwieldy to the point of discouraging the police from issuing criminal charges. Our proposed reforms include: giving police closer authority to stop vehicles and to use passive alcohol sensors requiring suspected drinking drivers to submit to standard field sobriety testing; and, where evidence warrants, authorizing police to demand testing for drugs. We have also recommended that police powers to demand breath and blood samples from suspected impaired drivers be expanded.

Our proposals are designed to give frontline officers the powers they need to more efficiently and effectively detect, apprehend and charge impaired driving suspects. There are powers that the police already have in many comparable jurisdictions. In fact, MADD Canada's proposals are modest relative to the existing laws in Australia, New Zealand, the United Kingdom and the United States.

I would invite you to visit our Web site (www.madd.ca) or call our national office if you wish further information or have any questions about our federal reform initiative.



LIVING THE FAITH

Canadians who put their beliefs into action

Cover

Most of the world's religions, great and small, mark the season of spring, the season of renewed life and hope. Jews celebrate Passover, the eight-day commemoration of their freedom from bondage in Egypt more than 3,000 years ago. And, after the solemn ceremonies of Holy Week, Christians rejoice at Easter, the feast of Jesus Christ's resurrection and the characteristic point of the liturgical year. This spring Holy Week and Passover coincide over the last days of March. It's an apt time for Muslims to pay tribute to nine individuals in multicultural, multi-faith, modern Canada committed to practicing their religion not just on religious holidays but in their daily lives.

It's religion: an important part of your life?

Read this special



TOM CALDWELL

Like Tom Caldwell was a kid, he regularly clean out the spare change left by parishioners for the purchase of flowers at a neighborhood Catholic church. He spent it at the local cinema, at the days when tickets were 10 cents a pop. "I'd go and help myself and supplement my pathetic allowance," he recalls. "It meant nothing to me."

Caldwell, now a stocky 58-year-old, is the founding chairman of the Bay Street

investment firm Caldwell Securities Ltd. On weekends, for fun, he rides a Harley-Davidson, wearing a helmet with a fake ponytail attached. He smokes and smokes the odd cigar, and he can be sharp-tongued. Just as he is youth—he grew up in a violent, many "Toronto family"—he's scrappy, unfazed of a fight. In 1999, at a cost of at least \$70,000, he took out full-page ads in the *National Post* and *Globe and Mail* practically begging the federal government over its "aid hoc policies" in the airline and banking industries. But under the gruff exterior, Caldwell is also a

devout Christian who lives his faith day-in, day-out. He's allied to no particular denomination, attending both Presbyterian and Pentecostal churches when he's at his home in Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont. In Toronto, he usually goes to Alderwood Congregational, an evangelical church.

Money is Tom Caldwell's business, first, his lifeline. As much as he can, he brings the two together. He is the co-chairman of King-Boy Chaplaincy, a drop-in centre that helps Bible studies and offers youth outreach and counselling deep in an underground passage beneath one of Toronto's

bank covers. He is a founding member of All-A-Board Youth Ventures, which operates a restaurant and a furniture manufacturing company that both employ troubled teens. And through his firm, he often short-sells, quick financial help to people in crisis. His faith acts on another level, beyond the charitable work, in the way he deals with his clients, all of whom have entrusted him with handling their money. "The incredible thing in my work is you get very close to people," he says. "I'm close to some than their doctors or their parents and, in many cases, their spouses. It's an immense privilege."

Caldwell's sense of right and wrong is reflected in his investing style. He focuses on companies that offer socially beneficial products and won't, for example, buy stocks of gambling, alcohol or tobacco companies. "One year," he recalls, "five guys in the securities business took their own lives, and I was a part of four of the deaths. So I don't want to be in those businesses." Asked to reconcile the hard-edged, often greedy Bay Street world with that of faith, he says the root of all evil is not money, but the love of it.

He became a born-again Christian when he was in his early 30s, married and the father of two boys. He had been a top-performing broker, but after he left that job, he recalls, his prospects took a steep nose-dive. "I guess I was like the hockey player who starts to believe his own press clippings," Caldwell won't say what caused him to crash down, but notes it wasn't anything unlawful. He lost everything, financially, and managed to pick up an additional \$300,000 in debt. After 18 months of unemployment he was offered a new position in a retail broker with Fry Mills Spence (a predecessor company to BMO Nesbitt Burns)—and a chance to rebuild his life. One day a trader at the firm invited him to attend lunchtime Bible study. "I don't know why I said yes."

Bible study turned out to be an "oasis of sanity." He learned he wasn't in the centre of the universe, and that God was. He says it's a strange sensation to live the life of the faithful. "I get angry, tired, frustrated, stressed," he says. "I'm not ready to be canonized just yet, you know."

And that debt to the Catholic church? About five years ago, he calculated: how the interest over 65 years would be an estimated \$50 billion, and left a cheque for almost \$4,000 on the altar.

Katharine Maclean



JOYCE ROSS

Joyce Ross isn't one to prance foot around—after 27 years running the East Preston Day Care Centre, she wants out. The 62-year-old grandmother even has a successor in mind. But, truth is, Ross has been saying that for years, and nothing seems to change: every weekday the room is around 5 a.m. and knees beside her bed. "I ask God to use me," she says. "I ask Him to prepare me so that I can help Him help someone else today." She reads her beloved King James version of the Bible, has breakfast and then, in her manner Caprice Chase, makes the two-minute drive to the daycare that night as well bear her name.

Tall and dignified, Joyce Ross is a woman who exudes respect. In East Preston, the working-class, mainly-black community 10 km east of Halifax where she has spent her life, most people know her inspiring story: how she grew up poor among 20 brothers and sisters and left school at 14 to begin working as a domestic in Halifax. Fourteen years later she found a job as a community health aide in the Preston area, organized adult education classes in the community and eventually went back to school herself, earning a certificate in early childhood education from the Nova Scotia Teachers' College. Then she pushed into the daycare centre—back to fill a void in early care and education for Preston's preschoolers, but which

Ross has expanded to include prenatal and family-lifecycle classes, a women's health clinic and a family health resource centre. That and a lifetime of other good works recently earned Ross the Order of Canada. Underlying it all is her deep-rooted Baptist faith, which touches every aspect of her existence. "Nothing is impossible if you put God first in your life," is how she puts it.

A Sunday-school teacher at East Preston United Baptist Church for 46 years, Ross has also been preaching God's word to thousands in parishes throughout Nova Scotia since 1980. Naturally, her faith influences how the mother of five grown children runs the daycare, whose 115 children receive the Lord's Prayer each morning and say grace before every meal, and get regular exposure to Bible stories. Ross also expects her 26 staff members to conduct themselves in appropriate role models: smoking is prohibited on the centre's grounds, and so be to anyone seen by a parent demanding a cold one in a bar.

Clearly, though, it's through charity and compassion that Ross embodies her Baptist beliefs. Whenever someone in the community needs a sympathetic ear, she's there in listen and say a prayer for divine guidance. "If someone is in need today, I would give what I've got," she says. "God will take care of tomorrow. I just love to help people. It is a gift from God." A gift which she never stops trying to pass on to her own community.

John DiIorio



JOSEPH GABAY

He speaks the flawless international French of European intellectuals, and is a smoker of pungent Guinées cigarettes. But Joseph Gabay is no world-weary existentialist, expounding on the death of God in bohemian cafés. A native of Morocco who emigrated to Montreal in 1967, Gabay is a devout adherent of Judaism. Last year he became the first francophone—and the first Sephardic Jew of Spanish, Portuguese

or North African descent—to serve as president of the Quebec Region of the Canadian Jewish Congress. For the past 20 years at his synagogue, Or Hachayim, he has given weekly lectures and tutorials on the Torah and Jewish philosophy. The 60-year-old father of three children has a non-religious life as well; he has taught math at CEGEP de Rosemont for 35 years (he plans to retire in June). But Gabay doesn't make a big distinction between his day job and activities connected with his faith.

"There is nothing secular in my life," he

says. "The tradition of the Jews is not solely a religion. One is not a Jew only when at the synagogue. The notion of faith (as we know it in front of your prince, pray and obey) does not exist in Hebrew. The closest word, *emuna*, means confidence. Confidence that the promises that were made to the patriarchs on Mount Sinai where the people were gathered some 3,300 years ago are not fairy tales or legends, but a reality to which my ancestors were witnesses."

"I am not a mystic," he continues, "only a frail human being. I will not say I elevate

myself every time I sit or pray. But sometimes there are moments of grace, and these cannot lie. At the end of Yom Kippur, when I blow the shofar [a sacrificial horn] after the fasting and prayer, I feel directly connected to my ancestors, to the patriarchs and to the history of the Jewish people, and am convinced that their history will lead to the ultimate liberation, not just of the Jews, but of mankind in general. In these rare and intense moments of grace, everything I have seen of the world and everything I have learned from the scriptures coincide perfectly. Past and present, experience and knowledge become one."

Gabay says everything in his life connects in one way or another to his understanding of the Bible. "The Bible is a book that produces other books," he says, explaining that the more he studied the scriptures, the more he could read into them, so that the Bible has become the basis that gives meaning to everything he does. "My study of the Bible leads to renewal, as opposed to being repetitive of an old tradition or of a scholastic dogma."

Gabay sees a clear parallel between his investigations as a mathematician and his study of Judaism. "In the math classes we explore postulates, which generate rules and processes. In the Jewish faith, we start from the postulate that God exists and, through the Bible, He delivered His directions for mankind."

After living as an observant, religious man in a deeply secular world, Gabay says his religion "gives him the fundamental optimism that comes with the sciences that surround the world makes sense, and that I am not the by-product of a meaningless determinism, that I have a role to play in a story that has meaning. The world may sometimes seem chaotic, but the Jewish tradition shows me one can see the hand of God even in chaos. If God intended directly, then man wouldn't be free."

Although the Canadian Jewish Congress is a political and human-rights group, Gabay feels his work there meshes perfectly with his faith. "Most of the values espoused by mankind today are compatible with the Jewish faith. We have a principle that says, pray for the peace of the political class because, without it, even would be a man killing another man. The notion of man is one thing, Abel. The lessons taught by the Bible will help us overcome that trap. That's why the Bible's fundamental message is: This shall love thy neighbor as thyself."

Benett Andrus



SAMIRA THOMAS

By her privileged address of Vancouver's leafy south Granville Street, you might guess that Samira Thomas, 34, spends her holidays at camp—someplace pricey and safe. In fact, the Grade 9 student has passed most summers since she was four in the world's most depressed—and least safe—places. With her Israeli Muslim parents, Samira has "vacationed" in Tanzania and Pakistan, helping people see life more clearly—literally. The trips are a project of her ophthalmologist dad and ophthalmologist mom, who work with local agencies to give free eye clinics. Samira contributes by holding eye charts, taking histories or measuring the pupils. "You're expected to help others," she says of her faith.

Doing so has opened her own eyes, never more powerfully than last summer. The family's clinics in northern Pakistan attracted hundreds of Afghan refugees. "Before I had this experience," Samira says, "if they said 200,000 children are going to die this year from famine, I'd feel bad, but it was always a number. Now, having seen other children who are dying because they don't have enough to eat—you can actually see the skin hanging off of their bones—it's personalized things for me."

Making faith personal in a Muslim family, says Samira's father—who converted to Islam as a medical student in London—his volunteered in Third World clinics

since 1979. An older brother and sister preceded her as their parents' temporary clinics. The trips are organized in part through the international Aga Khan Foundation, but benefit people of every faith. Many bear physical and emotional scars of war. Samira remembers an Afghan boy, Nasrudin, whose family had lost 28 members, including his father, making Nasrudin the oldest male. Two girls have deformities, his mother a greatly ill. "He's the only person who can bring in income, and he's 11 years old."

Such stories have deepened Samira's appreciation for her native land. In Vancouver, she donates time to food drives and April's Cancer Society caravans. At University Hill Secondary, her favorite subjects are English and mathematics. Her first name is filled with Islamic-meaning friends, surfing the Internet and watching *Where Love Is, Allah Is*. But Samira also keeps a journal, where Nasrudin's story is recorded. Earlier this year, a local newspaper ran a letter the worst drawing attention to the Muslim *Journal of Al-Adhila*, which encourages the faithful to ask: "Where do I fit in with the human family, and how can I make the lives of others better?" Samira wants to become a foreign correspondent, bringing stories like Nasrudin's back from affected places. "Intellectual search is another aspect of my faith—you're expected to apply your intelligence and knowledge to help others." She's made a good man already. *Cheri Wind*



URVASHI SABHARWAL

Growing up in northern India's Punjab state, the sixth of seven children, Urvashi Sabharwal excelled at school, but her real passion lay elsewhere. From the age of 10, Sabharwal immersed herself in the art of Indian classical dance, which is rooted in stories and myths first told in Hindu temples more than 3,000 years ago. When it came time to attend university, Sabharwal wanted to study fine arts, but her father, a

physicist, insisted she pursue a more practical career. So Sabharwal earned a master's degree in genetics from Punjab University in Chandigarh and, after emigrating to Canada in 1970, at the age of 21, she worked in medical and research laboratories in Edmonton and later Calgary. But the job was ultimately unsatisfying. "I never felt happy in my soul," recalls Sabharwal. "It'd always be watching the clock, wondering when I could go home."

Sabharwal never gave up her fine love, and continued performing traditional

dances at various Hindu and multicultural functions and taking students under her wing. In 1991, by then the mother of two grown sons, she started her own Calgary dance school. These days, she trains about 100 students a year, most of them between the ages of five and 15 (with about a quarter between 30 and 50), in the art of Kathak dance, which uses movement and music to bring alive the stories of the Hindu Vedas, one of the oldest forms of literature in the world. Every year she travels to India to get new music and costumes

for her school. While Sabharwal, 52, no longer performs herself, she creates and directs dance productions for her students. But whether in private or while teaching, she still dances daily—and for her, it continues to be very much a spiritual experience. "My heart and soul is in the dancing," says Sabharwal. "When I am dancing, I feel that closeness to God."

While Sabharwal is a devout Hindu, her students come from many religious backgrounds, including Muslim, Sikh and Christian. She wouldn't have it any other way. "We are all one, this is what I believe," says Sabharwal. "One mind, one soul." Through the dances she prepares for her students, she tries to teach the need for religious harmony. One example is a production that touched on the bloody conflict over Kashmir, the border state claimed by both Muslim Pakistan and India, whose Hindus are in the majority. "I tried to show that here is this beautiful place with a rich culture, and two religions are sitting there, side by side, fighting every day," says Sabharwal. "Music and dance is a way we can mingle with each other, these different religions."

Sabharwal finds that many of her students, especially the younger ones, learn through dancing the value of teamwork and gain self-confidence as they progress. She attempts to pass on other basic lessons that she believes help her students become better human beings. Kathak dance is known for its fast spins, complex footwork and intricate hand gestures. Two of the hand movements that Sabharwal teaches early on come from Vajras, a Hindu god who is a protector and provider. One gesture means to give, the other to keep. "I show them that this you give, then you keep," she says. "The young ones get the message that they should share. This is a Hindu thing they remember, and something our world needs. If everyone starts doing this, no one is hungry, hungry or without clothes."

A central tenet of Hinduism is the moral law of karma, which teaches that good actions lead to good consequences while bad ones lead to the opposite. Sabharwal thinks that, in a mindset where it is helping to create good karma. "The audience for our dances come from all different backgrounds and they are really touched by what they see," she says with a smile. "I am doing a good job because I touched their hearts. And I will continue to do it until I can do no more." **Brian Douglas**



CHRIS BROOKS

At a stage in life when many people are coming towards retirement, Dr. Chris Brooks, 63, faces challenges that would on a man half his age. Four years ago, he closed up his family practice in Calgary and sold his house in the affluent suburb of Bonaville. Rather waitfully, he also relinquished membership in a private golf club, and a beloved 1965 Mustang convertible he'd owned for almost 30 years. Along with his wife, Heather, now 52, and their young daughter, Chloe, Brooks headed for the southeastern African nation of Malawi, where he runs up to 150 patients a day suffering from a grisly array of afflictions, including malaria, tuberculosis and, most prevalent, AIDS.

For Brooks, who was raised an Anglican but switched to the Pentecostal Church a decade ago, the road to Africa began one day in 1996 when he opened the Bible at random and read a passage from Deuteronomy: "You have stayed long enough at this mountain," he paraphrases. "Break camp and advance into the country. I will show you. Do not be afraid, have courage." While God was speaking to him, Brooks felt he was talking to him as well. As a young man in his native England, he'd felt called to serve in Africa but feared he'd feel that sometimes. This time would be different.

Brooks' existence had already changed

dramatically. In 1989, he was in despair following a painful divorce from his first wife and a failed bid for custody of his daughter from that marriage. Amy, then 7, "I had two choices," recalls Brooks. "I could either curse God and die, or I could reinvent my life to Him. I did the latter."

Shortly after his divorce, Brooks met Heather, a marketing manager at Canadian Airlines, through mutual friends at Calgary's First Assembly Church. They married in 1994, and Heather later gave birth to Chloe, now nearly 7. Brooks has since reconciled with Amy, 20. In Malawi, Heather works at a school for the blind, while Chloe attends a mission school with both Malawi and foreign students. "She has lots of friends with whom she goes bicycling and swimming," says Brooks. "I think Chloe will always have a love in her heart for Africa and its people."

The same could be said for his father. Brooks spends most of his time training 150 children in the 926 Village Orphanage in the city of Lilongwe, as well as hundreds of others who come to his church. Every Friday he travels in outlying areas. He talks of a recent day when his first patient was a child in heavy fever because of malaria and malaria. The next had tuberculosis, the third, AIDS, the fourth, skin ulcers—and so on. "I suppose I should be disheartened by what I see, but I'm not. I find it invigorating. I have a conviction that God has called me to this work. And so I do the best I can." **Brian Stregman**



SARA SMITH

Shut the heavy door and the large, already honey-kitchen in the Native Women's Resource Centre becomes a welcome sanctuary from the grit of downtown Toronto. For the eight women sitting purposefully around a Fournaca table, an added bulb is the person they have come to see—Grandmother Sara Smith, a Mohawk from the Six Nations Reserve near Brantford, Ont., a modest, big-beamed ef-

fect with a mischievous smile and the kind of soothing voice you'd like to fall asleep to.

Once the dinner dishes are cleared, Grandmother Sara, as she is almost universally known, prepares to conduct what she calls "a circle," a narrative gathering for sharing and healing spiritual wounds. From her narrative bundle she sets out a woven mat, dice smilies and a shell to hold the tobacco and other "sacred plants" she plans to burn, sending their aromas throughout the room. The discussion, too,

flows as freely as the smoke between the symbolic and the everyday. Sara gently corrects the dice; a baby's cry draws the hall lights into a homely about the natural mountain that is locked within us all.

Close your eyes and you could be transported back hundreds, maybe thousands, of years to last-night talk around a hearth and the gentle ritual of congregation. But "this is not religion," says Grandmother Sara. "This is not native religion." What she is proclaiming in her own quiet manner is spiritual journeying "as a way of

life"—a way of being thoughtful today about the generations to come.

Now 62, Grandmother Sara began her own journey in earnest some 30 years ago as her four children were growing up and she felt there was something incomplete about her spiritual life. Avers in tribal politics didn't fill the gaps. Not, usually, did regular get-togethers with a group of women to analyze dreams, conscious meditative dreaming, being a staple of inner life and decision-making for many natives. But both led inexorably to a re-examination of the old ways and the old legends, to long conversations with elders and visiting tribal leaders. And to the point where Sara is herself now one of those elders—the "Grandmother" is an honorific, though she's a legit one, too, with 12 grandchildren.

In her day job, Grandmother Sara manages a non-profit gift store on the Six Nations reserve to help individuals with special needs. Her home is a cozy mix of native art and modern technology. An ornate mother-in-law's chair stands guard outside; a granddaughter does her homework on a laptop. But art and technology pile beside the signs of an ancient belief: in the backyard, a prayer circle of white stones; next door, a spiritual center that she and her husband, Roger, had built a year ago, with a great hall and bedrooms for visitors. It is their gift—an of a modest haven—to a world they are haggardly, but belief. And it is a world already beating a path to their door.

In Grandmother Sara's kitchen, there's a calendar of commemorations that seems to stretch to another lifetime. Her travels have taken her to England, Europe, Australia, Central America and throughout Canada and the United States. A few years ago she was the only Canadian invited to meet with the Dalai Lama at a gathering of indigenous peoples from five continents at a Tibetan monastery in France. It was an event called the Gathering of the Shamans, and while Grandmother Sara feels native beliefs have much in common with Buddhism, she is categorical that the spirit is not a shaman—when pressed she says she is not even sure what the term means. She is simply a Canadian, someone who keeps the old traditions alive and links them, when possible, with the events of today. "We are a circular people," she says, and by that she means many things. One of them, that a kind and thoughtful life can sustain for generations.

Robert Sheppard



PEDRO GUEVARA-MANN

Four months from now, the Catholic Church's 10-day World Youth Day celebrations in Toronto will climax with a papal mass at a former air base. Expected attendance: one million. "I'll take about six to eight hours to file in," calculates WTD artistic director Pedro Guevara-Mann, his eyes dancing with the enormity of it. "Another six or eight hours to leave—that's a lot of music to provide." And that's after he coordinates 170 musical groups from 50 countries in the days before the final mass. A high-stress job, to be sure. Yet, leaving back in an office chair, dressed in jeans and sneakers, with a NYFD cap pulled over his ponytail, Guevara-Mann looks remarkably serene.

That's because his current gig allows the 33-year-old actor and musician to combine his work and his faith in a way he's always yearned for. The son of Panamanian parents, the fluently bilingual Guevara-Mann came to Canada alone when he was 16 to attend Lester B. Pearson College of the Pacific near Victoria. From there he moved on to theatre studies at Toronto's York University, and then to the chaotic life of an actor. When things were going well, Guevara-Mann says, "I'd think, alright, God wants me to be an actor." But when work was hard to find, he recalls with a laugh, it seemed clear that "God doesn't want anyone to be an actor." The scramble for roles

was particularly difficult for Guevara-Mann, who worried parents, however small, that he believed would have "a positive effect on one person, at least, in the audience." Arriving at casting calls to find "the entire audience consisted of pretending to fire a gun and shouting 'E—y—u'" made him "wonder what my faith was, about in role in my life."

Through the '90s Guevara-Mann spent a lot of his downtime reading, acting, and volunteering at Toronto's Covenant House. There he talked and played cards with homeless men, and helped distribute food and clothing. ("That's the essence of the Gospel," he says. "Feed the hungry.") Guevara-Mann also began serving as the unpaid musical director of his parish children's choir. "Growing up in Panama we always had music in church—that's where I learned to play guitar. I think music was the prime reason I stayed in the church as an adolescent."

It's also the reason he got his present position. Guevara-Mann had been thinking for some time that "it would be kinda cool to play guitar during the WYD." Then, one day in late 2000, he opened further. Toari Barica, WYD's CEO, and "just walked up and said I wanted in." Now that the call is right, not just of the WYD but of his job, does Guevara-Mann plan to return to the stage? "I'm leaning so much—about myself, about music and worship," he says. "I'll be interesting to see which way the spirit blows me." Brian Zahner



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Cover



EVELYN NEAMAN

In the **abstract**, the small terrazzo mosaic at the front door, its Biblical verses rolled tightly inside, marks this quiet Vancouver address as a Jewish home. The scene in a basement room suggests another story: Half a dozen women in exercise gear lie on the floor, backs on the sand-colored carpet, legs propped vertically up the wall. Small blue satin pillows cover their eyes. New Age choral music flows through the room as Evelyn Neaman, 42, invites her Monday morning yoga class to focus on breathing. But then she reminds her students that in Hebrew the idea of breathing, *neshamah*, is related to *aneshamah*, the soul. Speaking softly, she invites each person present—one a lawyer married to a rabbi, another a university Russian prof—to choose a *hesed*, another Hebrew word that means "direction" or "intention," to focus on during the two hours of grueling exercises to come.

For Neaman, a self-described "pick-and-choose Jew" with degrees in anthropology and education, wedding the kabbalistic practice of yoga to the faith of her family seems natural. It was a Jewish sum-

mer camp that first introduced her to the rudiments of yoga: physical discipline to age 11. As she studied both traditions more deeply, she found new similarities, and when she opened her own yoga centre six years ago she named it in Hebrew, *Tikkun Olam* (the ancient obligation of every Jewish person to participate in the healing of the world), she says. "We can use yoga to begin that healing process."

It's not the only expression of her faith. Neaman, twice married with a blended family, attends synagogue periodically and goes to two Jewish study groups. Her belief that Judaism calls the faithful to social engagement finds fulfillment in her day job: developing public legal education programs for a non-profit group. For her, "yoga is not a religion," although its teachings include principles for ethical behavior. But it is through yoga that Neaman has found a channel to her faith which is beginning to attract others. About 40 students, all but five of them women and more but not all of them Jewish, come to her home weekly for exercise and a little something else. "People get stretched, people get opened up physically," Neaman says. "But my intention is to open them up spiritually as well." *Clare Wood*

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RETURNING TO RELIGION

Most Canadians hunger for a more spiritual life

BY BRIAN BERGMAN

For a quarter of a century, Reginald Bibby has been Canada's foremost tracker of religious trends, conducting national surveys every five years and writing a series of best-selling books stemming up his findings. There have been good years for the University of Lethbridge sociologist, but doubtfully less so for Canada's main religious groups, which saw weekly attendance continue to plummet and their influence over society wane. While Bibby is himself a person of faith, his skepticism of all that was not universally welcomed, and he became known, in some quarters, as "Bad News Bibby." This week, with the publication of his latest book, *Restless Gods: The Resurgence of Religion in Canada* (Broadman), the 58-year-old academic may finally shed that moniker. Bibby's central conclusion: God

is very much alive in the hearts and minds of Canadians and, if they play their cards right, the country's religious groups are poised for an era of renewal and rebirth.

Truth to tell, there is nowhere to go but up. Bibby's latest survey, taken in 2000, found 28 per cent of Canadians attending religious services on a weekly basis, down from 31 per cent in his original, 1975 sampling—and far below the 60 per cent who attended in 1945, according to Gallup. The resurgence was even more dramatic among Quebec Catholics, with weekly attendance more than doubling from around 90 per cent in 1945 to 20 per cent in 2000.

For all of this, Bibby finds a remarkable number of Canadians continue to identify themselves as part of a particular faith and are receptive to the idea of returning, actively to the fold, under the right circumstances. In the 2000 survey, 85 per cent

of Canadians associated themselves with a religious denomination, / among those who were attending services sporadically or not at all, 55 per cent said they would consider becoming more active if they "found it to be worthwhile" for themselves or their families. Moreover, Bibby discovered that the vast majority, whether religiously active or not, had no intention of switching—moving, say, from the Anglican to the Baptist Church—or adopting so-called New Age spiritual movements.

What Bibby takes from all this is that Canada's mainstream religious groups have a large pool of "inactive adherents" who, if a concerted effort were made, could be identified, engaged and fully reactivated. The most promising example, he says, is Quebec, where six million people continue to see themselves as Catholics, even if only a fraction regularly attends church. "What you have in Quebec is a powerful company, part of this multinational known as the Catholic Church," Bibby told *Atkinson* in an interview. "If Rome made Quebec a high priority for renewal, I sure wouldn't be against them."

Adding to Bibby's optimism is the overwhelming evidence that Canadians continue to be deeply spiritual. In his latest survey, 81 per cent of respondents attested to a belief in God, including 55 per cent of those who never attend religious services. Three out of four Canadians said they pray at least occasionally, and nearly half claimed to have personally experienced God, whether through near-death experiences or something as simple as a sense of awe in the beauty and order of the natural environment. Two-thirds of those surveyed believe in life after death, and similar numbers struggle regularly with what Bibby terms the "ultimate questions" regarding the deeper meaning of life and what happens after we die.

Bibby says religious groups need to find a way to respond to the basic yearnings and concerns of these potential adherents. And he thinks there are some early signs of success. His 2000 survey shows that, for the first time in years, church attendance among teens is on the upswing, something Bibby credits to a renewed emphasis by many denominations on ministering to youth. Similar efforts across the age spectrum, he argues, could give even long-ago disaffiliates "the first to many people openly acknowledge spiritual needs," says Bibby, "points to a desire for something or someone that can satisfy them."

Cover

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In praise of testing

How careful monitoring caught Allan Rock's prostate cancer in time

As part of his commitment to prostate cancer awareness, federal Industry Minister Allan Rock has permitted his personal physician of 28 years, Dr Jim Paquet, to tell his story. Rock's cancer was detected early. He was among patients Paquet was tracking in Toronto using a formula he designed for discovering localized prostate cancer while men at his practice still showed at an early, non-threatening stage.

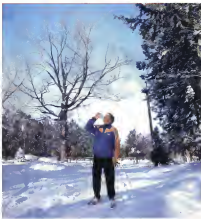
BY JIM PAQUET

At 6 a.m. on Feb. 13, 2001, then federal health minister Allan Rock and his wife, lawyer Debbie Hanrahan, walked hand in hand down University Avenue to the Toronto General hospital. There, two hours later, he underwent surgery to remove his entire prostate gland and the malignancy it contained. The residue of a prostate blood test had prompted a biopsy on Jan. 5. The next step was the operating room.

A successful legislator in Toronto, Rock got involved with the federal Liberals in the early '60s, volunteering to "do anything that helped, kicking stamps, knocking on doors and so forth." In 1993 he won a seat and joined the cabinet as minister of justice. During this same year—he was 43 then and had moved the prostate screen—began a program of total PSA blood tests. His father had died of prostate cancer, doubling Rock's chance of getting it. And he did.

PSA—prostate specific antigen—is a protein produced almost exclusively in the prostate, where the concentration is thousands of times greater than that found in blood. PSA testing gives an indication about what may be going on in the walnut-sized gland surrounding the neck of the bladder: inflammation (prostatitis), aging, benign enlargement or the presence of cancer.

A PSA blood test is easy to perform and easy to interpret. It costs the patient



Choosing to be 'poster boy' rather than 'poster girl' for prostate cancer awareness

from \$20 to \$25, depending on the province. Although cancer is not the only cause of a PSA elevation above the upper limit of normal, there is a way to work around that problem: Cries of this test operate under the rubric "you are likely to die with prostate cancer, not from it." They say it is not cost-effective (even though the patient pays for it). They say it has not demonstrated its usefulness for screening, and they question the effectiveness of the prostate cancer treatments currently available.

"This kind of thinking has to stop," says

Dr. John Tanchum, director of the prostate centre at Princess Margaret Hospital in Toronto. In fact, he says, its treatment started by apoplexy and anemia. He cites this example: "An active 70-year-old woman would never be asked to forgo treatment for her breast cancer. Seventy-year-old men with prostate cancer often are. They are told to wait—for another disease. As if this were the solution."

And the critics are wrong about metastasis. The total removal of the prostate for localized cancer often most middle-aged men a cure, giving them a life expectancy

comparable with that of similarly aged men with no prostate cancer. It's absurd for anyone to tell a 55-year-old man that he has prostate cancer, then produce a pictorial displaying an array of diseases such as a stroke, a coronary or overwhelming infection that may cause his death before the cancer could. In fact, about 25 per cent of men diagnosed with prostate cancer die from it. It is impossible to select those who will die of another disease.

Furthermore, one out of 20 men with localized prostate cancer develops the metastatic form in which the cancer travels to other body parts. Clinicians who, in their diagnosis, urge patients to wait will see it in the expectation of dying from another disease have forgotten the density of men that disseminate metastatic prostate cancer—an incurable disease. This path derives from the cancer cells attacking bone and the spinal cord, with a subsequent rise of calcium and an accompanying mental lethargy, unquenchable thirst and cardiac arrhythmias. It is not a heroic deed.

The British secretary of state for health, Alan Milburn, has given the critics something to think about. For the past year, British men have been encouraged for the first time to undergo screening for prostate cancer without cost. "We wanted to make the PSA test finally accessible," Milburn told me, "and bring it in line with screening for breast and cervical cancer. Here in the UK, prostate cancer is approaching the frequency of lung cancer—the number 1 killer."

It's the same in Canada. Here, one out of

twelve men with that similarly aged mortality is due to the presence of cancer suspected.

Intervention at this stage involves a minimal ultrasound image of the prostate. With the patient lying on his side, an ultrasonic probe is introduced into the rectum (the prostate will feel a sensation of pressure). The probe emits high-frequency sound waves, then the reflected sound waves are converted into visual images on a monitor. If the pale grey image of the prostate displays suspicious areas, a biopsy is conducted during the imaging.

In early 2000, Rock's PSA reading had suddenly risen from 2.0 to 3.67—well above the 3.0-per-cent standard. Although the level remained below the high end of normal—around 4.0—the change was enough to investigate. In April an ultrasound image showed no irregularities. Still, six months later, as part of the tracking formula, Rock underwent a specialist—a free-PSA rate. It's a valuable marker. If the ratio is greater than 0.2, the likelihood of the patient having prostate cancer is about 10 per cent. However, if the ratio is below 0.1, there is a 90-per-cent chance he has cancer. In December, 2000, Rock's free-PSA ratio was 0.09.

Rock was driving on Walsingham to celebrate Christmas with his wife's family. Reaching home on his cell phone, I told him the free-PSA ratio had moved into a zone requiring an early biopsy, booked for Jan. 5. His situation, and mine, was that he had cancer. Later he said, "I knew—even before the result of the blood test—without knowing why."

For many men, sex is a signature act,

April now displays some spotty areas on the right side of the prostate," reported Dr. Ron McClellan at St. Michael's Hospital in Toronto. "I took three core samples from this abnormal area, and three from the left side of the gland. All samples reveal the presence of cancer," McClellan advised in Rock's. "In your age group the gold standard of treatment is total prostatectomy."

The choice was between nerve-sparing radical surgery and radical radiation. External beam radiation—short bursts of intense radiation guided by a computer-driven machine, capable of sculpting the beam—saves the prostate gland. The delivery system is designed to spare the surrounding tissue of the bladder and rectum. It is often the choice of treatment for older patients, or patients who are not a good surgical risk.

As such an early step, surgery usually offers a total cure. In order to preserve bladder control and erectile function, the diseased prostate is removed carefully, leaving the ureters intact. Meeting to make a decision about the choice of treatment, I suggested to Allan and Debbie, "It better be the poster boy for prostate cancer awareness than its patient saint. And surgery will achieve that."

During the six-week wait for surgery, Rock increased his training and began running nights to 10 km each morning in sub-zero Ottawa weather. His fitness paid off. Dr. Michael Robinson and Dr. John Tanchum operated on Feb. 13 and Rock was discharged just three days later. The tumour was one millimetre away

Rock's tumour was just one millimetre away from the capsule surrounding the prostate. If it had penetrated the capsule, it would have spread.

rise men will develop prostate cancer, matching one out of nine women with breast cancer. About 17,000 men in Canada are diagnosed each year and 4,000 die from the disease.

The key to detecting prostate cancer in its earliest form involves immediate intervention if the PSA level has accelerated 90 per cent in the past year—even if it's still remaining in the normal range. Because the PSA is not specific for prostate cancer, a single reading (like a single mammogram) is only clinically valuable if it is abnormal. But the rate becomes singularly valuable if the pattern is tracked sequen-

tially and necessary to their identity. Even mentioning the male reproductive organs induces panic. The image of a needle being fired into the prostate gland by a biopsy gun makes them shudder. A fine needle, attached to the ultrasonic probe, targets the suspicious area. The gun is fired and a filament of tissue is removed. The patient experiences a burst of pressure that bleeds into the popping sound. After 15 to 20 minutes—the time taken to obtain six to eight core samples—the pain has gone.

By the date of his biopsy, Rock's prostate image had changed. "What was normal in

from the capsule surrounding the prostate. If it had penetrated the capsule, it would have spread. But the tumour was confined to the prostate. A year later, on March 4, 2002, his PSA was a barely discernible 0.02, proof that the tumour had been eradicated.

Cancer survivors often enter a heightened state of consciousness. Rock's is different. "I now react to acute things that would have irritated me," he has told me. "I have a pure enjoyment of my family and my confidence—acutely during the process of decision-making—has been enormously strengthened."

A writer's final deadline

The knowledge that he has just months to live alters a man's priorities

British Navy officer, foreign correspondent, producer of the North Korean, author, journalist for the Globe and Mail and the Montreal Gazette, assistant to prime minister Pierre Trudeau, writer from 1964 to 1998, history professor, father, grandfather. In a short career, the French-born Philippe Gigante had done all that by the time he learned last year, at 78, that his greatest concern was killing him. Since being diagnosed with the disease, Gigante, who lives in Hudson, Que., has focused on writing, finishing his 14th book, Power and Greed: A Short History of the World, to be published in April. He calls this reflection an impending death "The final deadline."

BY PHILIPPE DEANE GIGANTE

"You have between 10 and 14 months to live, statistically speaking," my doctor said to me on Oct. 25, 2001.

"Statistically speaking," he repeated. I looked at the bright side first. "So, I do not have to worry about my cholesterol anymore." I asked, "Is my blood pressure? I can eat good Salmon lunch with great port? I find asparagus? Stuff that irritates in public better suits?" Yes to all the above.

As to those 10 to 14 months, "How will the cancer kill me, Doctor?"

"You will get progressively weaker and die eventually. Or the prostate cancer will go into your lungs, giving you inconvertible pneumonia. Or a brain tumour. I will go into your bones [it has reached my spine]. If a tumour presses on a nerve, we will irradiate that tumour and drink it to allow the pain. In any case, we are good at pain management, these days. We no longer worry that a dying person might become an addict. You'll get all the painkillers you need."

"Will I feel sick with those painkillers?" Not being quite there is a worry I have.

"We have painkillers which avoid that," I didn't believe him. I was once on Demerol and felt I was talking like a genius. I taped myself. I was talking, drunk. Finally, while writing this article, I have had



Killing risk food again is nice, but grandchildren are the best part of Gigante's days

to take morphine. It helped the pain and I didn't feel drunk. Yeah!

The doctor's verdict had not been unexpected. In March, 2000, surgery confirmed that I had prostate cancer and that on the Gleason scale (the violence scale in leprosy language) it was in 10, the highest. On April 15, 2000, I sat at my keyboard and started writing.

"We wings are lucky. We are not Homer or Shakespeare. There have only been two of those, whoever they were. Most of us cannot even comprehend how the Marmas or Michelangelo produced their divine masterpieces. But we have words which we hand-buff endlessly.

"Leave your other writing," said my daughter Claire, the editor. "Write that book you have been researching and re-writing since 1967." I have never been able to write without a deadline. So I gave myself one: I worked 12 hours a day, every day. And I finished the book on April 15, 2001. But would other people love it? We writers are consumed by the worry, which is a lot better than worrying about death.

Since then my capacity for work has dropped to about five hours a day, interrupted by a laugh-moote. But I still even use as much as before. I have a Saisman on which I strive for looks of awe. And I exercise my abs: under a layer of fat, they



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Health

are sculpted. And, of course, I was.

Not everyone who has cancer is a writer. But they can do other things: cultivate indoor plants, make a wooden shelf, calculate other people's income tax for them, make things out of clay, draw, study math, and. Any activity is better than pills.

The ultimate best is to have grandchildren. You hold them tight and know that life is not ending, it is growing stuff. I am hugely lucky. Two small grandchildren live 15 km from me. They live in my little house every day, the house my daughter Eve-Marie built for me, next to hers.

"Why did you give them chocolate?" asks Eve-Marie. "I didn't give them chocolate." "Why do they have chocolate on their lips?" asks my daughter, a former Crown prosecutor. "I didn't give them chocolate, they took it." "You're like Bill Clinton," she says, giving me a hug.

Then I have grandchildren, forever among them Sam, who reads me his book and knows so much about so much. My former assistant thinks of me as their grandfather and treat me with affectionate reverence, which is how I like it. Some of them visit me and bring me their babies for the ritual dance. I hold the baby and I sing, singing of their beauty.

Le plus beau de tous les bébés du monde / et celui que je dors dans mon bras / j'ai bien une dernière bébés à le rendre / mais aucun est aussi bon que celui là.

I have a life rich in loving family and

rice, like an ocean too far away. There are dark moments when I think of pain I caused. How could I have done that? How can I repair it? And that is another essential activity superior to antidepressants and painkillers. I rebuild bridges every day to people who thought I had forgotten them, or given them a lesser degree of love than I have given others.

But there are the good moments when, like other oldsters, I think back. Memory often omits, blotting out the known, remembering, more, the joy, exhilaration, warm embraces, gorgeous books, nature and people that were best. There have been happy lucky (this thought keeps coming back) I loved school and my job. The British Navy that took me, a foreigner, and made me a young officer in training and counsel. Cdr. Hinton, my skipper, who wore little white overalls and a scarlet scarf and sat above the stern—a loving battle cruiser—fully exposed to enemy fire as we went into combat. Cdr. Scurry, in whose destroyer I served when we sailed three German destroyers in one night and shot a German plane out of the sky with a primitive radar guidance system that was supposed to miss.

As a journalist for the London Observer, I was a prisoner of the Cotentinian North Korean who turned me but did not break me. I did not really like the family name nor the Royal Navy which had named me. I was a reporter all over the world and saw armies

they kept kissing us, conjugating "I love peace. You love peace. He loves peace. We love peace."

I remember these things when my arms get too tired to hold onto as I read in bed. In my mind I read my own, rewritten, adumbrate story, think of those I love, the grandchildren, especially, smile at their smiles and go to sleep.

And I remember how Canada took me as its own, adopted me, awarded me, honored me. Trudeau, who liked verbal bawling matches with me and didn't mind when I scored a mere point. He put me in the Senate where, among other things, I could help simplify the adoption process for Canadians seeking babies in other lands, where I could mirror the legislation that abolished the drunken defence ("maybe these birds to death but I was too drunk so I don't remember"). I remember visiting arctic residents and dancing with old ladies who had young eyes and remembered how to walk.

I was once asked by a childhood friend, Spyros Kapadia, a retired Greek Admiral, what reason I had for staying in such a cold country. We were talking on the phone, he in Athens under a sunny sky and 15°C, I in Quebec during the ice storms. I had 30 million wonderful reasons, I replied—the Canadians.

I think of death now as a sorrow. Those who love me will feel sorrow but will not be my fault. I will be gone. I will have left

I am no Fred Astaire but I dance alone to the soundtrack of Sleepless in Seattle and when no one is looking I get fancy. My two dogs look puzzled.

friends, beautiful trees, the fox that comes and sits on a flat rock behind the house and preens itself, deer when the fox is not there, a sea of wild flowers when the time comes, blue jays, cardinals and music. I am no Fred Astaire but I dance alone to the soundtrack of Sleepless in Seattle and when no one is looking I get fancy. My two dogs look puzzled.

There are dark moments. I look at the picture of my wonderful wife Sylvia who died so young and tears run down my face because my grandchildren are missing someone who would have been the greatest grandmother in the world. I have dark moments because another grandson and his mother, my daughter Elena, the author

ing lights and people. Starving Rajasthani princesses with emerald earrings the size of pigeon eggs. The brilliant, beautiful young woman around Castro as he sat, the cat-garçon, on his first night in Havana, in the penthouse of the Milane, eating all night and not looking at them, as I did. I saw the northern lights and south sea sunsets. The Nurses of Hyderabad, wearing a veiled face while showing me coffee after coffee filled with precious stones. The Argentinian women when it looks white red, as Homer said. Helping with the lambs in Scotland, when they were born. The train that brought me out of captivity and the Russian passengers who soaked us with vodka and celebrated with us because we were going to be free.

them the epiphany I have chosen, bilingual "I now a first owner. He loved us so" "Just before the last moment, I want to be lifted from my bed, sit in my chair, have my fingers put on my keyboard. I am a writer and we have the word. In the beginning we the word. And as it came to be at the end.

And the last word is that awful word I have hidden so far, the word that as a writer I have no right to hide. I fear I fear having my grandchildren see me disinclined physically. I fear my body betraying me so that I cannot even walk to my bathroom. I fear—terribly—that I will be a burden to those I love. And I fear most that I will not be able to hold this fear and that my cherished self-usage will die before I do. 

Ferre doesn't mimic Trudeau, he recreates the essence of every smile and gesture, while Shannon brings presence and spark to the role of Margaret



A CBC miniseries is a triumph for the filmmakers, and for the actor playing the philosopher king

THE POIGNANT SAGA OMAGGIE AND PIERRE

BY BRIAN MCKENNA

I remember him at the movies, in his final years. We would settle into the darkness, sharing a big bag of popcorn. After a trailer for some Hollywood disaster flick finished crashing and burning, that unmistakable voice would intone, "I can hardly wait." The last movie we saw together was Jim Jarmusch's *Ghost Dog*, about a Zen hound with Samuraï honour, strangely evocative of elements of his own character. "That," Pierre Elliott Trudeau pronounced, "is a very good film."

Trudeau was a good actor who loved film

acting. In his television memoirs, he described how sometimes he would have out-of-body experiences, when he'd watch himself perform in the House of Commons. The country came to know the risks, from staccato to overstatement. At *dashing* in *Cyrano*, as boring as *Polonius*, as *charismatic* as *Cherry*—one moment he'd be a gas-dinger, the next a philosopher king. And finally, flawed husband and magnificent failure.

Directing *Pierre Elliott Trudeau: Memoirs*, I found the toughest moments were about Margaret, or as he called her then, "the boy's mother." He didn't want her in the

film. We put her in the film. When we screened that episode with him, I was on the edge of my seat, half expecting a judo chop. Instead, Trudeau expressed satisfaction at her entrance and beauty as she campaigned beside him in 1974.

Oh, to have him back—and sitting there on Sunday, March 31—for the CBC-TV miniseries *Trudeau*. And, boy oh boy, is Margaret over in this picture. Plus the popcorn: it's good, at times very good—once or twice good enough to make you weep. Cast as Trudeau, Colin Ferre is brilliant. Only Wayne Gretzky at the Olympics bore more pressure. Ferre comes through with

gold. He doesn't mimic Trudeau, he recreates him. Not just the intonation, but the essence of every smile, gesture and slogan. It's enough to haunt Christina McCall. Writer Wayne Gregory and director Jerry Ciccoritti display more storytelling tricks than the Cirque du Soleil. And even when they fall from the heights, desperately trying to dramatize constitutional debates, they recover with panache.

The first glimpse of Ferre's Trudeau is arresting. Deep inside an Ottawa arena, as the Liberal party is about to choose him leader, Trudeau sits in the men's room about to wash his hands. Suddenly the ceremony





Mike McCartney in a 1956 self-portrait

Copyright © 2001, The Estate of Paul McCartney

Images from Sir Paul's 'fab' brother

During a phone conversation from his home in Liverpool, Mike McCartney refers on several occasions to "our lad and his charms," personal shorthand for his older brother, Paul, and the rest of the most successful band in the history of rock 'n' roll. McCartney, 58, may have spent a good part of his life in the shadow of his famous sibling, but he has done so with a wicked sense of humor—and a ready resolve not to exploit the connection. In the early 1960s, just as Beatlemania was taking flight, McCartney changed his surname to McGear ("gear" is Liverpool slang for "fat"), and proceeded to carve out an independent career as a photographer, children's author and, for a brief time, a pop star in his own right as part of the musical-comedy trio Scaffold.

It took nearly two decades before McCartney felt things had quieted down enough to return using the family name. But even now, the father of six keeps his guard up. So when Tina Wilts, assistant director of the Provincial Museum of Alberta, called him last fall about possibly contributing to a major show on the 1960s—correct, on pop, on an exhibit of photos by Mike's late sister-in-law, Linda McCartney—he

responded playfully rare. "I have some great 1960s photos," he told Wilts, "and you're not getting any Beatles." McCartney thought that would be the end of it. As it turned out, the British-born Wilts expressed interest in what McCartney was prepared to offer up: never-before-exhibited photos of Liverpool during the era that gave birth to the Beatles.

Mike McCartney's *Liverpool—Sixties Black and White* opens in Edmonton on April 2, with McCartney, his Montreal-born wife, Rosemary, and two of their children in attendance. McCartney, who took his first picture—the age of 12, his captured on film what he calls "a rough, raw and real" vision of working-class Liverpool before it caught the world's eye. And while there are candid shots of swirling U.S. music legends Little Richard, Jerry Lee Lewis and Gene Vincent playing some of the same venues where "our lad and his charms" honed their craft, the Fab Four are nowhere to be seen. "Been there, done that, got the T-shirt," is the way McCartney breezily puts it. "I want to show people the Liverpool that got clipped in all that history."

Steve Bergman

The ultimate crown jewel

In 1958, when the Hope diamond made its only visit to Canada, for a two-week display at the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto, nearly three million people went to see it, dazzled as much by its romantic history as its size and beauty. Maria Fowler's *Hope: Adornment of a Diamond* (Random House) traces the stone's path, from its 1660 purchase in India by a French trader (he sold it to Louis XIV for the equivalent of \$5 million) to its time with American socialite Evelyn McLean, who occasionally hung it about her dog's neck. After the CNE display, New York jeweler Harry Winston, who had bought the Hope from McLean's estate, donated it to Washington's Smithsonian Institution. He sent it by regular airmail, possibly the manner of all the Hope's odysseys.



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2. GARY CLARK, Live from 20	4
3. THE SURVIVORS, Live from 20	5
4. CLASH-GALAXY, Live from 199	2
5. THUNDERBOLT, Live from 20	3
6. SALLY HANFORD, Live from 20	1
7. JAY-Z and The Black Album, Live from 20	1
8. THE CRYSTALS, Live from 20	1
9. THE NEW CRYSTALS, Live from 20	1
10. BANG THE HEART, Live from 20	1

Notation

1. STUFFED WITH MEAT, Live from 20	1
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Accountants gone bad

I know this guy: let's call him X. He's in his 40s. He loves his wife and kids. He's in an office at work every morning. If you saw X driving his sensible sedan or, say, the Lexus near his average-looking house, held by a neat belt and audaciously not riding on his cell phone, you'd think him dull, but steady. You'd have no suspicions about the secret self seething beneath his outwardly calm and nondescript visage.

You see, X is an accountant.

Yes, I'm on familiar terms with an accountant—the man is a friend, in fact. For years, I'd regarded X as just like everybody else, more or less. Looking back, I should have closed in long ago to his dark side. After all, even in private, he was reluctant to discuss his work. I had written that down to him not wanting to bore me to death. What a fool I've been.

Ernst opened my eyes to the fact that this mild-mannered accountant was, in all probability, leading a life of mystery, danger and intrigue. The decline and fall of the Houston energy trading company—the largest bankruptcy in U.S. history—has agitated investors, regulators and congressmen to cry out against the shenanigans of accountants who careenously navigate the challenges of their occupation. But what shenanigans? The paper-shredding at the offices of Enron auditors Arthur Andersen would make G. Gordon Liddy hanker for his CRUISE days. Those late-night phone calls from Andersen Chicago HQ to Houston—O.K., I don't know that they were late-night, but if they weren't they should have been. And Enron's off-balance-sheet transactions—those virtual corporations in exotic Caribbean jurisdictions—conjure images of a *Law & Order*-style Arthur Andersen operative, doctored books in a dimly lit underground vault on the site of Monoceros. Accounting: the stuff adolescent male dreams are made of! Who knew?

And those are just the ones we *know* about! With all the real-estate lingo, I wouldn't be surprised to find out my friend X's workday life makes Sydney Bissett, the long-legged, kick-boring spy of TV's *Ally*, look like a newfangled schoolgirl.

Which gets me to my point. Reformers have been crying foul over what accountants did vis-à-vis Enron and God knows how many other companies, and I say good on 'em. The overseas nest overnight, and its time investors got wise to the cracks behind what appears on balance sheets.

But I'm not sure Enron is bad news for accountants. Think about it: with the possible inclusion of poetry and rap law,



you can get. (No X likes to say, "Six of one, 8 1/2 times 4 2/3 divided by 5 1/2 of the other.")

But so much more could be done. Let's couple all high concepts for pizzas, and I offer them for posterity (and several million dollars, if anyone's buying). One has the wedding title *The New Yorker* Gatsby, a gripping drama based on the Enron tale. I see Matt Damon as an idealistic accountant who discovers mischief in Enron's books, but his attempt to get the ear of Kerry-Fox *Lara* (played by an insouciant Mickey Rourke) falls on deaf, well, ears, leaving the audience with an overwhelming sense of waste, in brief all tragedies.

Or a flick could go the quasi-erotic route, portraying a dare-bound accountant bravely defending Corporate Fortuna America—think *Office North* with a calculator. My concept, *A Pro Good Swan*—never, has a dramatic trial scene in which an idealistic bankruptcy lawyer (a role tailor-made for Cruise) grills a battle-weary balance-sheet wizard (Jack Nicholson?) about... oh, say, *pro forma earnings statements*, are they? Nicholson: "You can't handle *pro forma*!"

That's only the beginning. Let's caped accounting *thrillers* in comic books. TV shows about *forensic accountants* (Quincy *C&E*), WB's version named *The Calculator* and *The Ledger*. Terrific stuff.

Which leads me back to X. I'm gonna have a talk with him, get him in on the ground floor. Sure, accounting is sexy and dangerous now, but how long will it last? If X is so capricious on the freewill, he's got to stop working on other folk's books—and start writing his own.

Hey, it would be John Graham.

Joe Chidley is editor of *Canadian Business* magazine.



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